The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1898.

The Week.

The situation at Washington has not grown worse in consequence of the official report on the *Maine* disaster. Instead of a violent outburst of wrath following the conclusions of the court of inquiry, there has been a comparative calm. The report itself is marked by calmness of tone, and is not conclusive as to the causes of the disaster, and does not purport to be so. It expresses the opinion that the destruction of the *Maine* was due to an external explosion, which caused an internal explosion of two magazines. The operations of the divers revealed nothing from which an opinion could be certainly formed in reference to the condition of the wreck. The condition of the ship's bottom has not been ascertained, and no evidence has been found to fix responsibility for the accident. Consequently, the public temper is not as deeply stirred by that event as it would otherwise have been.

The report that the Bank of Spain has agreed to find $40,000,000 more for the Government, if not true, ought to be. Common gratitude, to say nothing of the instinct of self-preservation and patriotism, should impel the Bank to such a course. According to its report for the year 1897, its business would have shown a loss had it not been for "the profits drawn from the advances to the Treasury and from the interest of the state and Treasury stock held by the Bank." The exact amount of these profits is set down in the report as $2,780,000 from discounts of Treasury paper, $6,125,000 from interest on Government securities held by it, and $290,000 in commissions. Independent financiers and some of the newspapers of Spain have severely criticised the gradual absorption of Government finance by the Bank.

The authoritative and instructive article in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* on "The Public Finance of Spain, 1895-1898," is in no respect more valuable than in showing the actual amount of indebtedness incurred by Spain on Cuban account. Upwards of $300,000,000 of Cuban bonds have been issued since the outbreak of the revolution in 1895. Reckoning the Cuban debt as it stood before the war at $150,000,000, we get a total of $450,000,000 for which Spain is liable on account of Cuba. These are figures which must not be forgotten in all questions about buying Cuba from Spain, or about suggesting to her to retire from the island with an indemnity of $100,000,000. They also show the great money stake Spain has, if desperate, in a war meaning to her the loss of Cuba. With Cuba would go the Cuban debt of $450,000,000 or more, and this would be a wonderful help in balancing the books.

Any hope which the Spanish may have cherished of active European support, in case of a war with the United States, must have been dispelled by the speech of M. Hanotaux in the French Chamber on Saturday. France is the nation which was most likely to come to the aid of Spain; but it is clear now, as it really has been all along to the discerning, that France will do nothing beyond expressing good wishes and sympathy. Some days ago the *Temps* expressed this opinion, positively though reluctantly, including not only France, but Austria also in its view. Dynastic reasons have been thought by some as likely to lead Francis Joseph to offer material aid to Spain, but this is not to be looked for. Austria is in no need of searching for political problems abroad. No European Power, in fact, would do anything to disturb peaceful relations with the United States, except under the strongest provocation. If our interference in Cuba is put on such imperative humane and moral grounds as now seem certain to be urged, and if that interference leads to war, Spain will be left to stand absolutely alone in the civilized world.

It is the expected which always happens in elections in Spain, and the result of the choice on Sunday of new Deputies in the Cortes was according to programme. The dispatches say that Sagasta will have 300 Deputies—a figure which, curiously enough, was the precise one fixed upon and announced some weeks ago. The final returns may show a slight change from this number, either way, but the smooth working of the Spanish political machine is in any case sufficiently displayed again. Doubtless the desire of the Spanish people to uphold their Government at this critical time enabled Sagasta to get his great majority more easily. The best-informed correspondents in Madrid represent the nation as, in fact, absolutely united in the determination to assert what it believes to be its rights and dignity, at all hazards. Spain, of course, has its own yellow journals and Furiosos, who indulge in wild and foolish talk; but her serious newspapers and responsible public men have no illusions on the subject of a war with the United States. Yet they are willing to face its inevitable disasters if national pride requires it. With the best men of both countries earnestly hoping that war may be avoided, it would seem that diplomacy should find some way of avoiding it; though fate and the chapter of accidents often mock the hopes and plans of statesmen.

Chairman Dingley is not saying anything about war, but is giving his mind to the great concomitant of war—taxes. That new ones must be laid to cover the war expenditures already authorized is clear. In addition to the $50,000,000 voted out of the borrowed money in the Treasury, a $40,000,000 naval bill has passed the House, and other military appropriations on a similar scale are on its heels. All this means deficit upon deficit—especially with revenue wilting under the glare of war rumors—and Mr. Dingley is said to admit that new forms of taxation must speedily be devised. He can retreat gracefully enough, asserting that his original estimates remain as beautiful as ever, but that the war preparations have changed all that. As long as it was only an ordinary deficit, he could let the legions thunder by and plunge in thought again; but a deficit arising from extraordinary causes justifies extraordinary taxes to cover it, and these cannot be laid before Congress too soon. Equally timely is it that the Secretary of the Interior should have to ask Congress for an extra appropriation of over $8,000,000 to meet a deficiency for the current fiscal year in the pension account growing out of our last war. The $8,000,000 now asked for the twelve months ending next June is in addition to the nearly $140,000,000 a year called for by the roll as it stood last June. Moreover, the Commissioner of Pensions is of the opinion that the outlay on this account must continue to increase for some time to come, although it is thirty-three years this spring since the close of the civil war. The astonishing fact is certified to officially that the number of pensioners has almost doubled since 1890, at which time a quarter of a century had elapsed since the end of the contest. In that year the total was 537,944, while it is now about 996,000; and the increase in the amount required to pay them has been proportionately great.

There is an old French proverb which says that "a gentleman is always a gentleman, especially in need or in danger." We would paraphrase this by saying that a patriot is always a patriot, in peace as well as in war. This is doubly true of a democracy, in which tendencies derive such force from numbers, and in which both morality and religion have so small a chance if the multitude are not kept on the true road by all the arts and influences of persuasion. We are reminded of this by a correspondence between Mr. Cleveland and the pro-

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prietor of a yellow journal which sought to use his name in order to procure more credence for its lies and perversions. No better example of patriotism could be offered than Mr. Cleveland's attitude. He would not allow his sorrow for the *Maine* disaster, any more than his piety or his rhetoric, to be used to promote a debauching enterprise. He had not to wait for the sound of hostile guns to proclaim that he loved America, simply because he loved truth and decency and civilization all the time. He is as good a citizen at Princeton as he was at Washington.

The passage of the new primary bill by a virtually unanimous vote in both houses of the New York Legislature is a proceeding which is calculated to make reformers rub their eyes and ask what it means. Why should the politicians of both machines favor a measure which was designed to diminish if not destroy their power? We give it up. Probably they feel confident of their ability to "beat" it in operation, and thus be in a position to get all the "kickers" back into the party fold, under conditions which will make it difficult for them to complain of unfair treatment. Of one thing we may feel assured, and that is that the new system will give us a final test of the primary system. If, under this law, voters will not take part in the primaries, then it will be useless to advocate the continuance of this method of nomination in any form. If this plan fails, we must look to other methods for getting candidates into the field.

The doings of the new Tammany Commissioners of Accounts should attract the serious attention of the Civil-Service Reform Association. These Commissioners, who exist solely for the purpose of investigating the methods of municipal departments in order that the Mayor may be convinced of their efficiency and integrity, have been openly violating the civil-service law by abolishing positions in their own department in order to get rid of their incumbents, immediately recreating the same positions and putting new men in their places. They have also, in at least one instance, abolished one office and created a new one in its stead in order to raise the salary of the Tammany incumbent, and they have also increased salaries in ten other instances. If this kind of thing can go on under the civil-service law, then it is a useless statute and should be repealed. The spectacle of officials, whose duty it is to see that other officials obey the law, openly violating it themselves, is peculiarly Tammanyish. No rebuke is heard from the Mayor, although the debt limit, which alarms him so that he cannot allow a public library to be built, is threatened by the increased expenditure which the course of the Commissioners entails.

The indictment of nine officials of the last Brooklyn city government for conspiring to defraud the city is the most serious blow which has yet fallen upon the Platt form of government. Mr. Willis, the former Commissioner of City Works, and Mr. Phillips, formerly chairman of the Republican organization in Brooklyn, were the chief agents of Platt in "downing" Jacob Worth and thus preventing the support of Seth Low for Mayor by the regular Republican organization of Brooklyn. They did such valiant service in helping Platt turn the new city of New York over to Tammany, that Croker had Mayor Van Wyck appoint Phillips a Police Commissioner, and he holds that position today. They are now indicted on charges of extravagant and illegal use of the public money in the execution of public work in the city. It is said that Gen. Tracy will appear as counsel for them, and this would be an eminently fit thing for him to do. These men were his most devoted supporters in Brooklyn during the late campaign, and helped more than any one else to delude enough persons into voting for him to make certain Mr. Low's defeat and Tammany's triumph. Gen. Tracy, as chief member of the Platt family law firm, should defend them without a fee, for they are in trouble because of their zeal in the Platt cause. Tammany's conduct in the matter is most ungrateful. The indictments are due to inquiries set in motion by the Comptroller, and were started because of the Tammany desire to show that the debt limit was being reached. After they had been started, it became impossible to check them, and it is possible that the present outcome was not foreseen by the Comptroller. Still, the indictment of so many good Platt men through Tammany agency, after the great service rendered by them to Croker last year, is one of the basest acts of ingratitude known to the history of political "deals."

The People's Bank of Philadelphia, which has just failed after its defaulting cashier had committed suicide, was a political institution, which was organized to make money out of the control over the State Treasury that was exercised by its managers. It was the institution to which Mr. Wanamaker referred, in his recent arraignment of the Quay ring, when he said that "a Philadelphia bank capitalized at $150,000, a private institution whose president is Quay's old lieutenant, has continuously carried a deposit from the State Treasury ranging from $300,000 to $1,200,000, while school districts are waiting in vain for school money long past due"; and it was this institution regarding which he noted the interesting fact that it was the first place that Senator Quay visited whenever he went to Philadelphia. The defalcation of the cashier should surprise nobody. He had a notable precedent for tampering with funds committed to his charge in the case of a State Treasurer who had done the same thing with the public money, and who, despite the exposure of his crime, had risen to the greatest power. Moreover, he seems to have been only the tool of the politicians who ran the bank, for Philadelphia people accept his dying statement that, after these politicians had led him into his original offence, and thus had him in their power, they obliged him to lend them money which he had no right to lend in order to keep another of their enterprises afloat.

A coroner's inquest has been held in the case of the colored postmaster at Lake City, S. C., who was shot dead at night last month by a large mob of white men, who had previously set his house on fire, and who also shot at the members of his family as they were driven from their home by the flames. The solicitor of the circuit had been instructed by the Governor of the State to use his utmost diligence to bring the murderers to justice, and a thorough investigation seems to have been made; but not a single witness could be found who would name any member of the mob, and the jury returned the not unexpected verdict that the postmaster and his youngest child came to their deaths "by gunshot wounds from the hands of parties unknown to the jury." An appeal has since been made to the President, and he has given assurances that both the Post-Office Department and the Department of Justice are doing all in their power to ferret out and punish the members of the mob, and that the Attorney-General is now considering what further steps the Government can take within the limits of federal jurisdiction. But nobody who has observed the repeated failures to punish lynchers in many States, both North and South, really expects that the federal authorities will prove any more successful in this case than the State. Nothing was accomplished by these authorities last year when they investigated the shooting of a colored postmaster in Georgia.

The editor of the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle*, Mr. Patrick Walsh, has never been known as a civil-service reformer. Indeed, he has generally been regarded as a practical politician, and he lived up to that reputation, as the Georgia member of the Democratic national committee, for some years. But he is at last waking up to the absurdity and disgrace of a system under which, as he says, "we have been content to regard with apathy the appointment to the American residences at Tripoli or Singapore or Hong Kong whatever loyal national committeeman or successful ward politician it might please the honorable

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Congressman or Senator furtively to nominate." He has learned that the result of this policy is that "Americans abroad are sometimes mortified at the representatives sent out by their Congressmen," and he quotes a gentleman just returned from Japan as reflecting rather bitterly on the officials of our consular and diplomatic service in that empire. This observer reports that they are "often men of the diamond pin, red-striped shirt-front, heavy black moustache, and husky voice description, uneducated and incompetent, representative of nothing save the influence of the Bowery element in American politics"; and he adds that " the worst of it is that Englishmen and Frenchmen abroad form, as men will, their opinion of the whole people of the United States from these discreditable representatives." The editor of the *Chronicle* is now ready to admit that we ought to learn a lesson in this matter from England and France, which send no man as minister, consul, or attaché of legation until he has completed a long and severe preparation in the Government school of training for diplomatic service, until he has become thoroughly acquainted with the history, language, manners, and habits of thought of the people among whom he is to be thrown. Such an article as this in the *Chronicle*, considering its source, is both significant and encouraging.

Anton Seidl, the greatest dramatic conductor of the century, who died suddenly on Monday, was every inch an artist, never satisfied with mere financial success, if he felt that his ideals had not been approximated. Though the most generous of men (he has been known on various occasions to return his check to managers who had suffered losses), he would not even conduct a charity concert unless it could be done in a way that would not discredit the work or deceive the public. Another of his traits—remarkable among musicians—was his modesty. He knew perfectly well what he could do, but he never acted in a way to show that he was conscious of it. During the years of his eclipse he never complained, except to his friends. He was, indeed, too modest; he lacked the quality of "push," so necessary in this country; and but for the zeal of his admirers he might have been kept in the background still longer. Others intrigued against him, but he never stooped to intrigue against a rival. Quite as remarkable as his artistic honesty and his modesty was his enthusiasm. During the first years of his sojourn in America he looked upon himself chiefly as a Wagner missionary. This created the impression that he was a Wagnerian conductor and nothing else—an impression which it took years to eradicate. As a matter of fact, Seidl was a remarkably many-sided musician. Schubert and Schumann did not seem to appeal specially to him, but he was a splendid Bach conductor. Beethoven's seventh and ninth symphonies have never been more superbly rendered than under his baton. His Liszt conducting was perfect in its rubato and spirit. He had a great liking for dainty French music, and conducted it exquisitely, whenever he had a chance for sufficient rehearsals. His recent performances of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" and Dvorák's "New World" symphonies will always be remembered by those who were so fortunate as to hear them. His loss is a public calamity.

An interesting libel case is promised in a proceeding which took place in the City Magistrate's Court before Judge Cornell last week. Charles T. Russell, President of the Connecticut Granite Company, brought a charge of criminal libel against Percy T. Applegate, Secretary of the company, because of information which the latter had given to two reporters who had accepted it as authentic and had published it. The information reflected unfavorably upon Mr. Russell and is pronounced by him to be wilfully false. The reporters make affidavit that Mr. Applegate, knowing them to be reporters, gave them the information, which they accepted as truthful because of his position as Secretary. Instead of suing the newspapers, which were misled unknowingly, Mr. Russell has sued the real offender, under section A 254 of the Penal Code, which makes "any person who wilfully states, delivers, or transmits, by any means whatever, to the manager, editor, publisher, or reporter of any newspaper . . . any libellous statement concerning any person or corporation, and thereby secures the actual publication of the same," guilty of a misdemeanor, and liable to fine or imprisonment or both. Judge Cornell held Mr. Applegate for trial, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Russell will push the case to a verdict. Every reputable newspaper will thank him for his course in the matter, for all such have suffered repeatedly from the consequences of publishing in good faith what was really malicious misinformation. The number of persons who supply false news for malicious purposes and then put the blame upon the "lying reporters," is much larger than people suppose.

M. Ferdinand Brunetière attempts, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to give the anti-Zola party an intellectual standing. Boiled down, his argument resolves itself into the question if the first man in the street (*le premier venu*, meaning, of course Zola) is to be allowed, without proof or the shadow of proof, to insult grossly the administration of justice and the army. There ought to be no division of opinion, he says, on so simple a question, yet there has been a great and unfortunate division. This has been due to three causes, affirms M. Brunetière—the anti-Semitic fury, the fear that an all-powerful army, sacredly guarded from every criticism, is a danger to a pure democracy, and the unhappy decision of certain "intellectuals," as Brunetière sneeringly calls them, to identify Zola's cause with that of liberty and justice. This is surely a painful spectacle—an intellectual man pouring contempt upon intellectual men for asserting what they believe to be the most precious rights of freedom. Not a word comes from Brunetière about the way in which Zola's proofs were not permitted to go before the jury; not a word about the overwhelming evidence, which M. Labori succeeded in accumulating, that Dreyfus was, as Zola declared, condemned on the strength of a document which he never saw; not a word about the immense success of Zola's bold challenging of the authorities, in so far as it makes it certain that judicial abuses of the kind complained of will not speedily be repeated in France. Brunetière has never concealed his intense dislike of Zola; he is now committed to the thick-and-thin defence of the powers that be in Church and State; but it does seem that he need not have gone out of his way to take a position so unworthy of him as is this effort of his to dignify the anti-Zola mob.

The unforeseen difficulties of Prince Henry in getting his "mailed fist" to China for lack of coal, led *Punch* to represent him running about from friend to friend with the anxious inquiry, "You haven't got such a thing as a ton of coal about you, have you?" The scrambling for coal for naval purposes in the Orient has had the effect of almost doubling the price. England, with her customary meanness, bought up all that was in sight, and none can be had now in Shanghai and Hong Kong short of $10 the ton. This is a great change from the time when Japanese coal at $5 controlled the market; and, for the time being at least, is one of the most striking of recent economic changes in Japan and in the Far East. If the world-wide craze for coaling-stations continues, it should have a marked effect on the world-wide demand for coal. But if Capt. Mahan's advice is followed, it will be "an inviolable resolution of our national policy that no foreign state should henceforth acquire a coaling-station within three thousand miles of San Francisco." This will be as bad news for our coal-miners who would like to supply coaling-stations, as for foreign states. "Modern monsters of the deep die of inanition," writes Capt. Mahan, meaning that warships without coal become helpless hulks; but, what is worse, coal-miners with their markets cut off also die of inanition.

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THE WAR IN ITS RIGHT PLACE.

War with the Spaniards about Cuba has long been one of the "cards" of American party politics. For over fifty years one party or another has proposed to help itself by the deliverance of Cuba from Spanish rule, beginning with Soulé's plan of annexing it, in the interest of slavery, in 1854. During Mr. Cleveland's administration, it was particularly useful in enabling the Republicans to tease him without going further. They were constantly desirous of making Cuba a belligerent without becoming belligerent themselves. The result has been that in the minds of many politicians a war with Spain about Cuba has lost the character of a war, and come to seem merely a "shrewd move" intended to put the other party "in a hole." It has become something to threaten with, not to enact. It finally became simply a business enterprise. The sufferings of the Cubans were wholly lost sight of in the hope of making some money out of a conflict in their behalf. When the present crisis arose, the business view of war was what was chiefly present to the Jingo mind. One of the earliest expressions of this view saw the light about three weeks ago in the Detroit *Tribune*. That journal urged war as good for the real-estate men and the bankers especially, and added, "That there is profit in war could not be so widely believed if it were not true." In fact, it treated war as a purely business enterprise, just like the Buccaneers of the Spanish Main in the seventeenth century. These men went to war and sacked cities simply because they were in need of money, or, in other words, because their business was dull. Among the more rampant Jingoes, such as Thurston of Nebraska, this view still prevails. He said in the Senate on Thursday last:

> "War with Spain would increase the business and the earnings of every American railroad, it would increase the output of every American factory, it would stimulate every branch of industry and domestic commerce, it would greatly increase the demand for American labor, and in the end every certificate that represented a share in an American business enterprise would be worth more money than it is to-day. But in the meantime the spectre of war would stride through the stock exchanges, and many of the gamblers around the board would find their ill-gotten gains passing to the other side of the table."

Similar views found expression in various newspapers all over the country, showing what, a month ago, there was behind the ebullient patriotism. In fact, these open avowals of readiness to kill people and destroy property for purposes of private gain were probably the most grotesque outcome of Christianity and civilization that the Western world has ever had, and it has had many.

It was this kind of war that we have steadily opposed. It was no more possible for us to support it than to join in a plan of murder and robbery. But our opposition would have availed little had it not been for the firmness and courage of the President in keeping the eyes of Congress and of the public on the real object of a war with Spain—the relief, and, if possible, the final deliverance of the Cuban population. He put the war in the place it should always hold among civilized men, a last resort, when negotiation in a just cause and for a reasonable end has been plainly exhausted. He refused to rush into war, or, as the swashbucklers say, to become a "fighter from the word go," until he had found out whether there was no other way—to send our young men to death before he had found out whether it was absolutely necessary. This is the true position for the civilized and Christian ruler. We acknowledge the necessity of war under certain circumstances, if for no other reason in order that the higher civilization, which in our day is apt to find its expression in superior strength, shall have its due influence in the ordering of human affairs. But to fight for the sake of fighting, and above all to fight in order to make business lively, sinks civilized man below the savage. The savage fights under the influence of inherited passions and devilish instincts and an animal view of the ends of life; but even he is not so degraded as to fight in order to make money in trade.

Mr. McKinley proposes now to spend money out of the abundance of which we are so proud, and of which we boasted so much the other day, in the very work for which we have professed to long, about which the fighting parsons and the sham patriots have shed tears—the relief of the hungry and the naked and the ending of their suffering. The war he speaks of is a war, not to make dry goods lively or raise the price of iron, but a war to enable beneficence to reach this suffering and allay it. It will be a war against those who impede our bounty, and not a war to humiliate any one, or show any one how we hate him, or to enable us to gloat over his mutilated corpse.

If the Spaniards, as Mr. McKinley seems to expect, admit our relief freely, it is hardly possible that coöperation in philanthropy should not bring about calm, mutual discussion of the situation, and a mutual desire to end it without further loss of life. War ought to be always the statesman's last resource. It is essentially the art of barbarians and duellists. Diplomacy is the art of civilization, and the highest diplomatic skill consists in making it easy for the other party to yield your demands. To irritate him, to humiliate him, to put him on his mettle or offend his pride unnecessarily, is a blunder, especially if your main object is to lure him into a position in which you can stab him or split his skull. Every means should be exhausted in winning him over to your way of thinking before you announce to him that you must try to kill him. If you have to try to kill him, you should be able to say to him with a clear conscience, "It is my duty to try to kill and impoverish you, not because dry goods are low, or cottons are dull, or because many of us prefer war to industry, but because you deliberately stand in the way of relief which I wish to carry to people whom you have plunged in misery and whom, you confess yourself, you are unable to help. Having made this acknowledgment, it behooves you to take yourself out of my way. My errand is peaceful and humane, and you surely remember that before being a Spaniard or a ruler of Cuba, you are, as I am, a man."

"THE FLAG COVERS THE CARGO."

There is some curiosity, as well as a variety of opinions, concerning the position our commerce would occupy on the seas, both in our own and in neutral ships, in case of war with Spain. The matter is really plain enough. Under international law, as interpreted by the admiralty courts for ages, and as accepted by most nations until 1856, a belligerent can seize his enemy's goods in neutral bottoms on paying the freight due to the carrier. In fact, in the days when war was in more credit than it is now, and when every Power expected to be a belligerent next month, international law was formed largely with a view of helping the belligerent to do his enemy as much damage as he could. As civilization has gained ground and commerce has grown in importance, however, there has been an increasing disposition to be easy with the neutral, and to deny the right of the belligerent to seize his cargo, no matter to whom it belongs. Out of this disposition has grown the long controversy, which began nearly a century ago, in favor of "free ships making free goods," or, in other words, of the doctrine that "the flag covers the cargo." We, as the great carriers of the world during the Napoleonic wars, were vigorous advocates of this, but England, as the great sea Power, was unwilling to concede it. But at last even she gave in, and when the Powers met in Paris after the Crimean war, they all—that is, England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Italy—agreed that free ships should make free goods; that is, an enemy's goods should always be safe in a neutral vessel.

Neither Spain nor the United States signed this declaration, nor the declaration against privateering. Powers with small navies are, as a rule, reluctant to give up privateering. Therefore, under the law of nations, American goods, no matter by what ships carried, would be exposed to capture by Spanish cruisers. Although most of our exports go in British ships, these ships could be stopped on the high seas, and their cargoes,

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if belonging to Americans, be taken from them. Our only defence would be the use of the telegraph to make the purchases on this side. But they would have to be bona-fide purchases. The courts of admiralty have always been very strict about fictitious or evasive sales. This would doubtless be an impediment to trade, but it would, probably, in the main, hold us harmless.

But Spain, by a treaty of trade and commerce concluded with us October 27, 1795, explained and ratified by another treaty concluded in 1819, agreed not only that "free ships should make free goods" as between Spain and the United States—that is, that neither of them would seize the other's goods, in case of war, on board a neutral vessel—but also that they would not seize the goods of any Power at war with them on board a neutral vessel, if the government of this neutral vessel had acknowledged this principle—*i. e.*, that free ships make free goods. Now England and France have both acknowledged this principle, so that American goods on the vessels of either of these Powers would be safe from Spanish capture. In fact, both America and Spain have virtually acknowledged the principle, by mutual agreement, and the agreement is such as to cover the signers of the declaration of Paris.

As most exports of grain are purchased on this side, they would on the seas be foreign property; but if captured in an American ship, the ownership would have to be proved in a court of admiralty. The Spaniards would almost certainly take an American prize before one of their own courts. But if found on board a neutral ship, there could, under the treaties, be no inquiry. "The flag would cover the cargo." The result of this would probably be that whatever remains of our foreign carrying trade would be transferred to British ships. But, as regards our coasting trade, since the British are prohibited, under our navigation law, from carrying it on, we should have no resource but to keep a bright lookout for Spanish privateers. We should have to rely on our navy to keep these privateers away from our shores.

Although, therefore, our foreign commerce would be comparatively secure, the state of the moral atmosphere would not be very auspicious for business. Probably a large proportion of our business men would pass much of their time reading yellow journals; nobody would engage in ventures needing time for their completion, and interest in the sufferings of the Cubans would be a daily diminishing quantity. War is not a thing to prophesy about, unluckily. If it were, the number of wars would be greatly diminished. Had the people of the United States, either North or South, foreseen in 1860 that the war would last four years instead of sixty days, that it would cost 700,000 lives, and would make a debt alone more than the value of all the slaves, who can doubt that the efforts even of the anti-slavery men to avoid it in some way would have been more strenuous? The fact is, that there is never such a disturbance of judgment in any human concern as takes place when war is talked of. Important as the matter is, the people about to engage in it lose a large part of their reasoning power, and become little better than irate animals. So that offensive wars are rarely undertaken by men in their normal mental state.

THE BANKING COMMITTEE'S BILL.

The committee on banking and currency of the House of Representatives is the body in which any effective legislation for currency reform must take its start. Other persons may make suggestions and direct public opinion and take the needful steps to bring about legislation of some kind, but the only organs through which these movements can exercise authoritative influence are the committees of Senate and House which have special charge of the subject. Of the two, that of the House is the more important at the present time, and is the only one to which we can look for anything like a forward movement. Several bills have been before this committee during the whole of the present session, some of them being the work of individual members. Of the measures not prepared by members, the ones which have engaged most attention are those of Secretary Gage and of the Monetary Commission appointed by the Indianapolis convention. These have been so fully considered in our columns that a recapitulation of their features is hardly necessary.

Two or three weeks ago a sub-committee of three members of the general committee, consisting of Messrs. McCleary of Minnesota, Prince of Illinois, and Mitchell of New York, was appointed to consider the various bills and report one for the consideration of the whole committee. This task has been done, and an outline of the work has been given to the press. It embraces features of Secretary Gage's plan, of the plan of Mr. Walker of Massachusetts, the committee's chairman, and of the Monetary Commission's bill, and has some new features not found in previous bills. It begins with that part of Secretary Gage's plan which contemplates the separation of the banking functions of the Treasury from its other functions. It provides for a division of issue and redemption in the Treasury, for which the Secretary is authorized to set aside the general cash balances in excess of $50,000,000. This excess, on March 17, 1898, was $176,139,532. United States notes received by this division for redemption in gold are to be cancelled and retired in proportion as certain substitute currency is issued. No note redeemed in gold is to be again paid out unless under exceptional conditions.

The bill proceeds upon the idea that gold is the basis of our monetary system. Everything which relates to redemption of paper money, by either banks or Government, looks to gold redemption. This is a capital point. It makes an issue, from which it is not possible to escape, between the gold standard and the silver standard. It recognizes the fact that the time has come to settle this question, that there can be no more dodging, that the question must be fought out now. This is an immense gain. If the republic is to suffer eternal infamy by legalizing repudiation, let us know it as soon as possible. The committee has done right to put this question in the forefront.

The next feature of the bill embraces the leading idea of Chairman Walker's bill, which is that the national banks shall relieve the national Government of the task of redeeming the outstanding legal-tender notes, in return for certain privileges which are offered to them. Under the bill, the banks are required to assume the current redemption of United States demand notes in order to obtain circulation based upon their commercial assets. A new class of notes, called national reserve notes, is to be issued in lieu of legal-tender notes deposited by the banks with the Treasury, and these reserve notes are to be redeemed upon demand by the banks out of the redemption fund, which they are required to maintain in gold. These reserve notes are not treated in any respect as banknotes, because the banks are not liable for their ultimate redemption. The Government is liable for their ultimate redemption, but meanwhile they are available as bank reserves, and are legal tender exactly like the greenbacks which are deposited in the Treasury against them. The reserve notes can be identified as having been issued to particular banks, while the greenbacks cannot. Hence the need of the substitution of the one for the other under the plan. After the expiration of one year the banks will be allowed to issue their own notes against their commercial assets to an amount equal to the reserve notes issued to them in exchange for greenbacks deposited by them in the Treasury, but they must deposit a guarantee fund equal to 5 per cent. of all banknotes outstanding, applicable to the redemption of the notes of failed banks, and this guarantee fund must be kept good; but no greater tax than 1 per cent. on circulation can be levied in any one year for this purpose.

This is the crucial feature of the bill, and the question arises, Will the banks consent to assume the current redemption of the greenbacks in return for the

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privileges offered to them? As the bill stands, they are required to do so, willy nilly, if they remain in the national system, but they can resign their national charters and return to the State system, relinquishing the privilege of issuing notes. We think that the first impulse of the banks will be to reject the plan, but that upon further reflection they will accept it.

Of course the main idea of the committee is to relieve the Government of the constant menace to public and private credit involved in the instant redemption of its demand notes, and to do this in such a way as not to encounter political opposition, which an issue of interest-bearing bonds would be sure to create. The Monetary Commission's plan is the ideal one, but it is pretty plain that Congress will not accept it as a whole. The bill under consideration embraces that part of it which looks to the issue of banknotes against commercial assets under Governmental regulation, with a guarantee fund of 5 per cent. and a first lien upon assets. So much, at all events, will go to the credit of the Indianapolis movement, besides the credit of having stirred up the country to demand currency reform. Our judgment upon the bill of the sub-committee as a whole is that it is well worth fighting for, and that it has a good prospect of passing the House, and that it will meet with favor the more it is studied. We say this while expressing our preference for the Monetary Commission's bill.

MUNICIPAL ADVERTISING.

At one of the early meetings of the committee formed for the "Birth Celebration," the orator of the occasion, Mr. Washington, dwelt on the importance of the celebration as a means of advertising New York as a city to the cities of the Old World. We pointed out then, and have done the same thing since, that no city on the globe, not even London or Paris, was already, without any special effort for that purpose, as well advertised as New York. London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna are moderately advertised by things which interest foreigners — architecture, art collections, statues, parks, libraries, historical associations, and reminiscences. Tens of thousands of foreigners who care nothing about English or German or French politics, are drawn to these cities by these attractions every year. They do not care how they are governed; what interests them is the results of the government. With these results the earth resounds. The inhabitants do not need to hold meetings or "celebrations," or fly kites or send up balloons, in order to remind the world of their existence. Foreigners go to London, or Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna because in these places their eyes and tastes are gratified, and they are made proud of their race when they see the way in which these Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, through their respect for civilization, for science and art, but above all for character, have given themselves dwelling-places of which they are proud, and which draw pilgrims and pleasure-seekers from every quarter of the globe, which they leave with difficulty, and to which they come back with joy.

But good as these advertisements are, they are not equal to ours. They draw better than ours—there is perhaps more money in them; but, for making places talked about, they cannot compare with our modes of calling attention to ourselves. To begin with, we have what no other city has, a boss who holds no office, and yet directs and controls the government. Not only this, but the boss, if he existed in any European city, would probably be a man of education and good manners, who had followed with more or less success some lawful occupation, who associated, on equal and friendly terms, with the principal persons of the community, and association with whom, although it might be disagreeable, nobody would consider disgraceful. In all European cities *our* boss would be simply inconceivable. If you describe him in exact terms, the Englishmen, or Frenchmen, or Germans, or Italians, will listen to you very much as the King of Siam listened to the travellers' stories about ice. If you tell them that this boss, thus depicted, daily "sauces" the leading merchants of the place and its people of intelligence and education, tells them the government of the city is no affair of theirs, and that he will let them know what is best for them, they will at once inquire how large is the armed force at his command. On your assuring them that he has no armed force at command, but does it all by sheer impudence, and that the chief inhabitants are all afraid to offend him, and are very meek when he gives them orders, they will explode with laughter, and shout, "Git out; we are liars ourselves!" or use words to that effect in their own language.

If, after they have recovered, you go on to tell them that this boss has followers in the Legislature, ignorant and red-nosed blackguards from the slums and public houses, who, when leading merchants and citizens go up to consult with the Legislature about public affairs, regularly abuse them, ask them what they have to do with public affairs, and call them names, they will probably ask whether New York is on the sea, whether it is a port of entry, whether its size and prosperity is not due to trade and commerce, and whether the trade and commerce are not carried on by these merchants, and what contributions the ignorant and red-nosed blackguards in question make to the public wealth. When you reply that the red-nosed blackguards have never rendered the smallest service to the community, that they get their subsistence through salaries levied on the taxpayers through the orders of the boss, you will make a deeper impression on them about New York than six months of "celebration," or processions, or kite-flying.

In fact, the government of New York is a better advertisement than could be devised by the wit of man. If anything as original could be concocted by the advertisement agents of any of the great houses, Wanamaker, Macy, or the Siegel-Cooper Company, it would make the fortune of their employers. Cities have been known to the world, and have been the best expressions of contemporary human civilization, as far back as records go. They have been the glory of each succeeding age of the world's history. But it is we who have first produced a great city governed by its ignorant, corrupt, and vicious classes, with a dictator who hardly knows how to write, has never exercised an honest trade, has been in the criminal courts as an indicted prisoner, and thinks he has a divine right to his power. Our advice to the "Birth Committee" is, if they want to have an advertisement which will make a lasting sensation, to hold a four days' pageant with the following "floats": (1) Croker at his Club, surrounded by his Henchmen; (2) The Municipal Assembly in Session; (3) Mayor Van Wyck in Paint and Feathers, delivering himself on Art, Literature, and Science; (4) Tom Grady and Tom Creamer giving the Chamber of Commerce a bit of their minds. Here is an advertisement which will make New York the wonder of the world.

FELICE CAVALLOTTI.

FLORENCE, March 26, 1898.

Abbasso il duello! Moralists have preached, patriots have protested, against duelling; advanced parties, republicans, and socialists have made the abolition of the duel their watchword of late years, yet this outcome of barbarism, this relic of the Middle Ages, this senseless, useless appeal from right and reason to brute force or blind luck, has kept its hold in Italy with a strength and tenacity that has outlived the very essence of chivalry which gave it birth. Many causes have contributed to prolong the superstitious veneration that surrounds the duel.

(1.) Example is one. Think of a fight between the Minister Cavour and the Deputy Avigdor, the Ministers Lanza and Rattazzi, in the halcyon days of the Piedmontese Parliament; of Emilio Visconti-Venosta, now Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Maurizio Quadrio, Mazzini's second self, fighting it out in Switzerland; of Alberto Mario, after several duels, challenging on his death-bed a scurrilous calumniator, and you find the sanction of example hallowing the duel. (2.) A standing army is a breeder and fosterer of duels. There, as the code of honor goes, an officer challenged must fight; if insulted, must challenge or quit the army

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in disgrace. (3.) The new penal code abolishing capital punishment for murder, and substituting in its stead solitary confinement for ten years and imprisonment for life, or for a certain number of years, is more than lenient towards duellists. The present law awards six months' arrest for a simple duel, five years' imprisonment at the utmost when one of the combatants succumbs. But the worst feature of the case is that duels are fought daily in public places; the police take no steps to prevent them; the newspapers announce the hour and spot when and where a duel will take place. In the case of duelling Deputies, the sanction of the House must be obtained before the law can take its course, and this sanction has been invariably refused hitherto. In February, 1892, authorization to prosecute twelve Deputies who had fought duels was refused by the House. The Socialists, who have taken the lead in the crusade against duelling, and, with one exception, refused all challenges, have now presented a bill to Parliament for the abolition of the existing law, and the substitution of the articles applying to wounding and killing in ordinary crimes. The preface to the bill is noteworthy:

"We do not believe that public manners can be regenerated by the corrective virtue of laws, but we do hold that the office of law is to ameliorate civic conduct by opposing all that deteriorates or corrupts it through ignorance or traditional prejudices. The duel is a disgrace to modern society, an offence to reason, to right, to liberty, to the principle of social equality. It is one of the many aspects under which mediæval barbarism survives. And if it is a disgrace to the society which tolerates, even while condemning, this brutal method of settling private quarrels, it is an unpardonable sin in the legislator to honor this form of wounding and killing (which is often but a cloak for ferocious and premeditated crime) with a special title, treating it as a misdemeanor, not against persons, but against the administration of justice, a misdemeanor punished lightly, if punished at all, and never, despite the notoriety of preliminaries, forestalled or hindered. For this reason, with the consciousness of performing a civic duty, we present the following bill, for which, at this hour, when Italy, weighed down by the burden of an irreparable catastrophe, vents her grief in execrating the fatal prejudice, we trust that you will recognize the urgency and accord to it your sanction."

Of the numerous, too numerous, funeral orations pronounced over Cavallotti, slain in his thirty-third duel—in Rome, throughout the provinces and in Milan—that of Colajanni (the first revealer of the Bank scandals) struck the truest note:

"Not words but deeds this bier demands—an active protest against this barbarous system which, consciously or unconsciously, has become a fatal instrument in swaying the destinies of Italy. Let Milan cry *Basta!* and there shall be an end of it. Italy will answer *Basta!* and those who would fain use the barbarous dagger against the representatives of right and justice will be disarmed."

And Milan's protest is unequivocal even as was Rome's. Cavallotti's death calls, not for vengeance but for expiation. "This shall be my last duel," he promised on the eve of the catastrophe. God grant that it may be the last in Italy.

With Cavallotti the last living representative of the Garibaldian legend is sent into the tomb. He was not a Socialist; he cannot truly be called a republican. Italy for the Italians—the Italians for humanity—was his ideal; a people, all the people, freed from foreign oppression and from native tyrants, free to choose their form of government, with power to enforce its just administration, to extend its benefits to all ranks and classes, to insure the moral, social, and intellectual progress of the entire nation. Cavallotti's family name is inscribed in the golden book of the Venetian Serenissima. His father and mother settled in Milan, where Felice was born on November 6, 1842. At the age of nine he knew all Rossetti, Nicolini, and Prati's revolutionary poems by heart, and at twelve his squibs and satires against the Austrians were the delight of his schoolfellows. Rejected as too young by the chiefs of the second Garibaldian *Mille*, by presenting his cousin's *congé* of 1895 he succeeded in starting with Medici's second expedition, and I remember a war hymn that he composed during the voyage, which had a truer ring than Mercantini's. Next we found him at Milazzo, weeping bitterly for his colonel, Migliavacca, who fell in action. After the battle of the Volturno, he joined the elder Dumas at Naples in the editorship of the *Independente*. Though he took his degree as an advocate, he never exercised his profession, devoting himself to literature and poetry, taking classic, not Romantic, authors for his model. In 1866 he fought together with Garibaldi in the Tyrol, and, after Mentana, foretold the Franco-Prussian war and the unity of Germany in a fine ballad.

From that moment commenced his journalistic battles. The *Gazettino Rosa*, which he edited when Bizzoni, his second in the fatal duel, was imprisoned, was always sequestrated, and his articles and ballads led to various challenges, always accepted, while once he challenged an entire regiment of hussars, and in a single day at Bologna fought three duels, wounding all his adversaries. In a later duel with Lieutenant Ambrosini, in his impetuous onrush he was literally spitted on his adversary's sword, but recovered from what was deemed a fatal wound. In vain his friends protested, pleaded, urged him to renounce a system unworthy of his genius, pernicious as an example; his shortsightedness and impetuosity causing them each time to tremble for the issue. The tobacco-jobbery crusade when Lanza, the Speaker of the House, left the chair to combat the immorality of his own party, found in Cavallotti a fierce champion of public morality. In 1870 he refused to fight for France with Garibaldi against Prussia, but his only brother fell at Dijon, as did Imbriani's, the "knightly, noble Giorgio." It fell to my lot to tell them both of their bereavement, and Felice's sorrow for this, his first loss, was heartrending, but it did not alter his views as to the justice of the cause, and his poem "For Germany" is one of his finest. Nevertheless, he was one of the stanchest opponents of the Triple Alliance. Even as he protested against France when, under the Second Empire, she posed as dictator of Europe, so he deplored the coalition of the Continental Powers for the subjugation of France. Friendship with all nations, subservience to none, was his motto for Italy in Europe. His very last political letter was a protest against the attitude of the Italians in the Dreyfus scandal.

"The Dreyfus trial ought to be revised," he wrote. "Zola has done his duty as a Frenchman; but Italy, after the massacres in Sicily, the wholesale deportation of innocent and noble men, without a legal trial, should have imposed silence on herself. The French may fairly answer, 'Physician, heal thyself.' No nation ever rights its own wrong-doings because of the condemnation of another; such interference irritates, but does not conduce to repentance."

Cavallotti's crusade against Crispi was too personal, too violent, often unjust. Neither the Triple Alliance nor the African muddle was originated by Crispi, though he carried them to excess, owing to his temperament, violent as Cavallotti's own. When the results of the inquiry into the Bank scandals by the Committee of Seven were made known, had Cavallotti promoted a general legal agitation for the trial and punishment of the proved offenders, he might have succeeded; but his twelve columns of execration, of vituperation, the raking-up of old grievances against Crispi, not only overshot the mark, but aroused in men shocked and saddened by the revelations the memory of what the man had once been, what the patriot had done. Browning, in his "Lost Leader," fairly expresses their feelings, their sorrowful regret, their conviction that he "must never come back to us," but they could not gloat over his fall, and were all alienated from Cavallotti for his conduct throughout. Now he is silent in death, and all that he too was and did for Italy comes back to them with a rush of tenderness, not untouched by a shadow of remorse. Carducci's short but eloquent commemoration of Cavallotti embodies these feelings. The catastrophe had impressed him most painfully. He was glad that quite lately (after a long estrangement to which he did not allude) Cavallotti, on meeting him at Pistoja, had presented his son, a lad of fourteen, studying in the lyceum there. He spoke of Cavallotti's lofty (*intemerato*) character, of his genius, praising his lyrical poetry, his dramas, but expressing his belief that his posthumous fame will rest on his parliamentary eloquence. No one who has read the four volumes of his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies, his commemorations of Garibaldi, etc., will differ from this judgment. Carducci did him the justice to affirm that his love of country, his habit of sacrificing himself, parties, even political ideals, to her welfare, was supreme. He regretted "the violence of his campaign against Crispi, the aged patriot, one of the last great statesmen left to Italy," and expressed his opinion that Felice Cavallotti would very soon have been invited to share in the government. I do not think that Cavallotti would ever have accepted office, though many attribute his late political conduct to disappointed ambition. No! he gave his support to the Rudini Ministry, because it was composed of honest men, to prevent the return of what he called the "Crispi crew," and there is no doubt he has been instrumental in preventing the presentation of certain bills on deportation, the rights of public meetings, etc. But he was too jealous of his spotless political reputation, too indignant at the charges of ambition brought against him, to give a handle to his accusers. Then his past acts speak for him. When extremely poor—*i. e.*, before his literary works brought him in a fair income—Perez, Minister of Public Instruction, offered him the chair of Italian literature in the University of Palermo. He regretfully declined the honor, saying that Italy does not yet understand that office is the gift of the nation, not of a party: "By accepting, I should have given my adversaries the right to question my disinterestedness as a

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Deputy, my consistency as a man and as a writer. We have but one conscience, one name, and a short life in this world."

It is impossible to give any idea of Cavallotti's literary productions in so short a space. They fill twelve large volumes, lately revised by himself. Of his serious dramas, his "Pezzenti" is the most popular, "Alcibiades" the most highly esteemed by competent critics. His political speeches in the House and on the platform alone occupy four volumes. He had just completed a new drama in two acts, which will be given at the Manzoni Theatre in Milan. He was calming down, occupying himself with social questions, though openly opposed to the methods by which avowed Socialists propose to solve them. The King has been profoundly distressed by his death. Ministers, Deputies, all the authorities of Rome and Milan, followed his bier. The offer to inter him at the expense of the state was declined by his friends; it is probable that he will be buried in the little cemetery of Dagnente, where his sister and his daughter lie, and where, in a very modest house, his best work was done, his better self trained, strengthened, and moulded for the battle of life. J. W. M.

LAST YEAR'S FICTION CROP IN ITALY.

ALASSIO, March 12, 1898.

The year 1897 was not one of great production among the novelists of Italy—at least as far as regards quality. Gabriele d'Annunzio has given the world time to forget the tediousness of the 'Vergine delle Roccie,' and has occupied himself with a play, to say nothing of politics and other things foreign to literature. The play, "La Ville Morte," written for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and brought out in French at Paris in advance of its publication in Italian, seems, in despite of no end of skilful indiscretions and other modes of stimulating the palate of theatre-goers, *à la Scribe et Meyerbeer*, to have met with but scant success, though all critics seem agreed that, with even more than the usual unpleasantness of subject, the work is distinguished by poetical qualities of a high order. Its beauties probably combine with its defects to remove it far from the sympathies of the general public of the theatre.

The one novel of these later months that can be put alongside the best of former years, is 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' by Antonio Fogazzaro. It came out already in 1896, but late enough to be counted with the work of the period under consideration. The "little world" was on the Italian shore of the Lake of Lugano, and its antiquity was but relative—a matter of forty years, in fact, or just before the struggle that freed Italy from the foreign yoke. Railways and telegraph existed already, most of the elements of modern life were there, but yet how different it all was! Many of us in a quiet hour can shut our eyes and recall a time when the persons of our acquaintance seemed full of individuality; they were odder, quainter, more gracious, nobler, and, above all, more themselves than their successors of to-day. It may be that distance lends much of the enchantment, and it is certain that the exquisite landscape setting of Val Solda and the delightful humor of which Sig. Fogazzaro is a master, go far toward making an Arcadia of this little old-time world. And yet there were the Austrians and the *Austriacanti* to turn the idyll into a tragedy at a moment's notice. 1848 had not been forgotten, and the foreign rule, vexatious at the best, was exasperating and insufferable at the worst. It could not be otherwise; conspiracies (real and fancied) stimulated rigor, and that in turn kept alive the ferment of conspiracy. The action of the book goes on within this vicious circle, and yet the story is not one of plots, nor even mainly of patriotic endeavor. It is simply the story of two lives and the picture of a society that has passed away. Such as it is, it is thoroughly charming; it may be doubted whether the author of 'Daniele Cortis' has ever done anything more admirable than the earlier chapters of this book.

About four years ago Federico De Roberto published a novel, 'I Vicerè,' which, according to my mind, is the strongest of all performances in recent Italian fiction. De Roberto, who is still young, began to publish when scarcely arrived at man's estate, and his work, remarkable from the beginning, steadily increased in value up to the volume just mentioned. This was the story of a great Sicilian family that, in the days of Spanish rule, had furnished Viceroys to the country, and still ranks among the highest in the land. The story begins in the later years of the Bourbon régime, and through the vicissitudes of the family one sees the changes in Sicilian society from the golden days of King Bomba down to those of the present vulgar parliamentarism. The picture is vast and complicated and yet of the most vivid truthfulness—one of those portraitures that convince the observer at a glance that the original could not have been otherwise than as here represented: you can no more doubt than you can doubt the truthfulness of Holbein's "Thomas Morett." Parenthetically, I take this opportunity of recommending all who are interested in Italian literature, or in Sicily, or in the novèlist's art, to read this remarkable book.

Naturally it is a disappointment to find the contribution of De Roberto to the fiction of the year by no means on the high level of the 'Vicerè.' 'Spasimo' is far from being a bad novel—from another author it might be called a good one, something out of the common; but *nòblesse oblige*, and De Roberto is held to the standard he has himself created. But, although a disappointment to one who looks for a companion to the 'Vicerè,' 'Spasimo' is another evidence of the power and versatility of its writer. A murder has been committed, of course in very interesting and puzzling circumstances, and the book is occupied with the unravelling of the mystery, not after the manner of Gaboriau, nor yet of the valiant Sherlock Holmes; it is only when a portentous array of the most ingenious reasoning has failed to discover the culprit that the guilty conscience finally charges itself with the office of *deus ex machina*. De Roberto has also published within the year two volumes, 'Amori' and 'Gli Amori,' which are not novels but studies, physiological, psychological, and moral, and as such have no place in this report.

From Catania we have a reprint of an early novel of Giovanni Verga, 'Una Peccatrice.' It is curious only as showing how rubbishy a work could be written by the author of 'I Malavoglia' and 'Mastro Don Gesualdo' before he had found where his strength lay. It may be that there was promise in the very badness of it. One is tempted to think that in cutting loose from all restraints of possibility and common sense, and in exaggerating all the peculiarities of the old Romantic school, Verga must have been a follower of Cervantes. But the caricature, if it be such, is too solemn; there is not a hint of a smile from beginning to end, and one is forced to conclude that the book is bad simply because its author was trying to do something for which he was utterly unfitted. It is, however, worth buying, not only as coming from one of the foremost writers of fiction of our day, but also for the portrait of Verga which it contains, and which, with its clear-cut features and the fine irony of its expression, increases our bewilderment in reading the pages that follow it.

The name of E. A. Butti is among the newer in Italian literature. After one or two trials he attracted attention a few years ago with a clever novel, 'L'Immorale.' He is one of the "psychological" school, and, one may add, "for better or for worse." Two years ago it was for the latter. 'L'Anima' was a study of morbid psychology—so morbid that it was almost as bad as interesting one's self in the loves of two of the creatures that are to be seen in glass jars in a natural-history museum. At the beginning of last year he gave in the pages of the *Nuova Antologia*, and afterward published in a volume, a performance of a better order. 'L'Incantesimo' is full of pleasant landscapes of the eastern shore of Lago Maggiore, and has to do with human beings. The secondary characters are in a way, though lightly sketched, full of relief and life. The book is decidedly pleasant reading up to the last pages. Without being squeamish, one may feel that the manner in which the protagonists come to final union is, in the circumstances, unnecessarily brutal. In both these books of Butti there is something to be demonstrated; in 'L'Anima' it is the existence of the soul (though it may be doubted if any creatures above the level of those depicted in the book would consider the demonstration satisfactory), while in 'L'Incantesimo' the aim is more difficult to formulate. It may, however, be roughly stated that it is to show the necessity of marriage, even to those who aspire to lead a life of pure intelligence. Without disputing the thesis, we lay down the book more than ever convinced that a novel is not, and can never be, a demonstration. There is, perhaps, no use in trying to make the novelists see this fact, as long, at least, as painters think that pictures are made for telling stories, and graceful essayists pose as critics of art. After all is said, it must be owned that Butti in this volume does not obtrude the lesson as he did in the preceding one. Partly in consequence of this—though chiefly for many other reasons—'L'Incantesimo' is far and away a pleasanter book than was 'L'Anima.'

Among the writers whose names are known outside of Italy, Luigi Capuana has this year given a small volume, 'La Sfinge,' which, like 'L'Incantesimo' and 'L'Idolo,' first appeared in the pages of the *Nuova Antologia*. I will confess to feeling but little sympathy for the art of Sig. Capuana, and the reader can take this fact into account in reading what I say of his book. He is a follower of the naturalistic school of France, in its extreme *recherche* of finish in style, in its unrelieved pessimism, and in its predilection for the disgusting—graces that are rather gone out of fashion and en-

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chant many of us no more. In 'La Sfinge' there is no single page that, like some in the works of his masters, turns the stomach, but the flabby unwholesomeness of the general effect goes far toward making up for this want. Of course the subject is the animal passion of a young man for a young woman, and the only thing, as far as I can see, to differentiate this passion from thousands of others is that the young man has over his writing-desk an extraordinary water-color sketch of a Sphinx, with multitudes of victims of her fatal charms lying dead or falling about her, while others, fascinated, are struggling to reach her. Well, the young man gets it into his foolish head that his young woman is another such Sphinx, and so at the end he blows out what brains he had, or takes poison, or jumps from a fourth-story window (I forget which), and—that is all. If any reader of this thinks that my account savors of blind prejudice, let him read the book and judge for himself; there are graces of style in it which may give him pleasure.

The show for the year is thus far not a brilliant one. 'Piccolo Mondo Antico,' which, I repeat, seems to me worthy of a place among the books that are not to be forgotten, does not exactly belong to 1897, having already appeared in the autumn of 1896. But there is still one performance in the number of those before me which stands head and shoulders above its followers, 'L'Idolo' of Girolamo Rovetta. No novel of Rovetta is dull; without exception they are interesting from beginning to end, and one of them, at least, 'La Baraonda,' of which I gave an insufficient account in the *Nation* at the time of its publication, has many of the qualities of a great work. For some reason or other, which I have never succeeded in defining, there always remains a doubt in my mind as to the intrinsic value and durableness of the unquestionable charm of these stories. Also in 'L'Idolo' (which, with nothing in it quite as striking as some parts of 'La Baraonda,' is yet perhaps more evenly sustained), after having had good entertainment from beginning to end, after having admired the force and truthfulness of the observation, felt the impression of movement in the society and of life in the individuals, after having yielded repeatedly to sudden enthusiasms, as over something really first rate, the old doubt comes back to torment me and to attack the validity of Sig. Rovetta's eminence. Perhaps it is only the inevitable recoil from the tension in which one has been kept; or, rather, perhaps, it is that 'La Baraonda' and 'L'Idolo' have the air of the *roman à clef* that delights and then exasperates in some of the work of Daudet. These are novels of society, of the world that is so limited that everybody in it is more or less known to all the others, and the characters are portrayed so exactly that one cannot help fancying that everybody in Milan must infallibly recognize each one and refer it to its original. I am inclined to think that it is this suggestion of the scandalous that is at the bottom of the doubt—a half feeling that one has no right to have all these persons shown up so intimately for one's amusement. At any rate, the fact remains that the books of Sig. Rovetta are uncommonly good reading. The present one is, as far as possible, in the form of a play—mere dialogue, with the necessary stage directions; a form that, avoiding tedious descriptions and more tedious commentary, gives remarkable liveliness to the narration.

Carlo Placci, of whose first novel, 'Un Furto,' I had the pleasure of saying in these pages much that was good, has lately issued a volume of stories. There is nothing to be said about them here, as, in answer to my demand for the book, I was told that the edition was completely exhausted—*Sit omen faustum.* Had my want been satisfied, space would still have been too scant for a proper notice of these stories, as it is also for the latest works of Emilio De Marchi, Matilde Serao, and others more or less well worth knowing. S. K.

Correspondence.

COURTS VS. LEGISLATURES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 10th inst. (p. 176) you refer to the statute passed by the Legislature in Washington in 1897, enacting that all debts are payable in lawful money of the United States regardless of any provision for payment in any specific form of money. You apparently are not aware that the Supreme Court of this State, on the 15th ult., in the case of Dennis vs. Moses, held this statute unconstitutional on the ground that the subject is one "upon which a State cannot legislate, but it belongs exclusively to the general Government." This is apparently the first decision directly on the power of a State to make such an enactment. The opinion says: "The precise point whether a State can provide that the contract can be discharged in any kind of lawful money regardless of the stipulations of the parties, does not seem to have been decided elsewhere. . . . It follows that this contract must be enforced according to its terms and that the act is inoperative." The contract here was a gold-clause contract similar to almost every written contract that is made anywhere west of the Missouri River, and was made since the statute was enacted.

In the same case the court also held that two other statutes passed by the same Legislature under the impetus of the Populistic wave are unconstitutional. One act, forbidding judgments for deficiency on foreclosure, was held wholly void, and the other, providing a cumbrous system of appraisement, designed to force the mortgagee to take the mortgaged property at an appraised valuation, partly so; and as to the rest of this latter statute the court construed it in a reasonable and business-like way so as to take the sting out of it.

After all, the courts are generally our sure refuge. Our liberties are often stabbed in the house of their professed friends, but rarely when they seek safety at the altar of justice. The word of the stern old Roman is as true as ever: "Tu cole justitiam. Tibi et aliis manet ultor."

Charles E. Shepard.

Seattle, March 17, 1898.

AMERICA AS SHE IS REPRESENTED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of March 24, 1898, I read, among the correspondence, a letter, signed by Mr. Howard Leslie Smith of Chicago, in which he sets forth a letter from the United States Minister Resident and Consul-General to the court of Siam. Merely for the sake of information, I should like to learn from you whether this letter to the court of Siam was, when so sent, written in English, Siamese, or French. If in English, Mr. Smith's criticism is well-deserved; if in Siamese, or, more probably, French, should not the criticism fall upon the translator, rather than the author? Our consular service has a heavy enough burden to bear for the shortcomings of its representatives, Heaven knows; but in justice to the particular representative who is the subject of Mr. Smith's scathing criticism, ought he to bear the responsibility of what is apparently a literal translation from some foreign language into "English as she is wrote"?—Yours respectfully,

W. M. Stockbridge.

University Club, Boston, March 25, 1898.

[We have no information in the premises.—Ed. Nation.]

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to point out that the United States Consul at Amoy, whom you quote as saying, "It is so long since England fought a nation whose men wore pantaloons that the sight of an anticipated army that is not dressed in breech-cloth, tunic, or turban would cause palpitation of the heart," is lacking, not only in official good breeding, but in accuracy. In 1880, or thereabouts, England made war against the Boers—a nation whose men certainly wore pantaloons (sometimes, like their Dutch ancestors, three or four pairs of them at once), and who do not fight with clubs or tomahawks or assegais. The laurels won by "Tommy Atkins" in that struggle are yet green.

W. R. K.

March 26, 1898.

WHO WILL TEACH THE TEACHERS?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The secondary-school teacher may perhaps congratulate himself that Dr. Botsford's letter, which appeared in the *Nation* of March 17, is the dawn of a better era for him—of an era when the college teacher, with his wider opportunities for study and his more specific field of work, will turn his attention to the needs of the secondary school, and will use his powers that these needs may be adequately met.

Dr. Botsford attacks the accuracy of statement of certain details of Greek history used incidentally to illustrate methods recommended by the committee on methods of study of the New England History Teachers' Association, and counsels "grubbing in Oman." The teacher obediently turns to Oman and finds, singularly, that Oman seems to justify the report! The points in discussion which Oman omits are supported by the other books upon the teachers' shelf—Greenidge, Curtius, Gow (helped by Aristotle's 'Constitution of Athens'), etc. Although no secondary authority can establish a fact, yet since Dr. Botsford specifically orders Oman, since Harvard College in its various courses counsels the reading of Curtius, Gow, etc., since Greenidge is "Lecturer in Ancient History at Brasenose College, Oxford," since Aristotle's name is somewhat widely known, though hardly as "secondary authority," it may be

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well to compare their statements with those of Dr. Botsford.

(1.) Oman represents the Peloponnesian war as a final phase of the Confederacy of Delos (pp. 290, 341, 376, 407, 408); says that the Lacedæmonians subjugated the whole of the Peloponnesus (pp. 79, 80), and that Solon substituted a timocracy for an aristocracy: "The first of the four Solonian classes was called. . . . The second, . . . ," etc. (p. 109).

(2.) Greenidge, p. 172: "Legislation, therefore, was a wall of coöperation between the two great popular bodies, the ecclesia and the heliæa."

(3.) Curtius, i., 403-6, describes the family combinations in tribes for political purposes, and the new divisions which were "called Phylæ, *i. e.*, tribes like the old; but in them there was no question as to birth and descent." (The extremely condensed form of digest packed the reference to "family," "birth and descent," as influences in the old tribes, in the word "blood.")

(4.) Gow, iii: "Every official, on laying down his office, was subject to account before public auditors (εὔθυνοι)." (Note.) "The several duties of these boards are obscure, but they certainly reported on each official to a jury of 501 members, who adjudicated on the case." Aristotle's 'Constitution of Athens,' p. 13: "For the absolute freedom with which the people vote as jurors makes them absolute masters of the Constitution." (The ecclesia, as a political unit did not control magistrates directly by εὔθυνα; the ecclesia, as a collection of all "free citizens," and therefore identical with Athenian "people," controlled magistrates indirectly through jurors. The digest wished to indicate in condensed form the sovereignty of the "people.")

(5.) Dr. Botsford will doubtless admit that the formation of the Confederation of Delos marks an epoch in the constitutional history of Athens when under so-called "democratic government." A phase of federalism may also be a phase in the development of a democratic state.

Evidently, if Dr. Botsford is right, the books now in the hands of secondary teachers are wrong, and the crying need of the times is better books—books which shall put before us the latest results of scholarship. The teacher of history in the secondary school cannot be a specialist because of the wide range of subjects he must teach and the many hours of class-room work expected from him. He is at the mercy of writers of reputable text-books. In the present state of Greek history he cannot teach "facts," because he cannot get "facts." No one is more conscious of ignorance than he; no one longs more ardently to know the truth that shall set him free from the possibility of doing sham work. Will not the college experts help instead of scold; prove the inaccuracy of existing books, and give us better ones?

We must not, however, confuse the question of the accuracy of certain given details with the broader question of the proper method of studying history. Dr. Botsford's letter is a proof that he sympathizes cordially with the central position of the committee—viz., that since history, like life, is a collection of problems, not a simple statement of simple facts, the study of history should be a training of the powers of thought, not a memory-cram. The nature of history dictates the methods by which it must be studied; and since history is always history, these methods remain essentially the same whether in secondary school or in college. From the beginning the pupil should be warned that "being in a book" is no proof of the truth of a statement; he should be taught to compare books, weigh their assertions, use his judgment—in fact, to do in miniature what Dr. Botsford presumably does with the sources of Greek history. The pupil who had most industriously "grubbed in Oman," and done nothing else in the secondary school, would be obviously the one in whom Dr. Botsford would find the least joy in college, the one who would the least contribute to his serenity of spirit and sweetness of temper.

We thank Dr. Botsford once more for his onslaught upon existing text-books, and beg him and his colleagues to heed the cry for help which goes up from the secondary school to the college.

ANNA BOYNTON THOMPSON.

THE THAYER ACADEMY,
SOUTH BRAINTREE, MASS., March 24, 1898.

A VERSE VULGARISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me strange that the "verse vulgarism" of elision of the final *g* should not have found its explanation at once in the fact that in some quarters in England, even in well-bred circles, this elision is a sign of good breeding. *Willing* is invariably pronounced "willin," etc., and I can remember that my father—a Rhode Islander and a schoolmaster in his early life—invariably elided the final *g*. I could mention a most noble English family in which the elision of final *g* is as much a sign of good speech as is the pronunciation of Abergavenny as "Aberginny," or Beaulieu as "Bewly."

And, by the way, "F. T., jr.," quotes Poe as saying "we would wish," etc., a vulgarism which has not the excuse of that which Poe complains of. If he "would wish," why don't he? Wishes are not horses and don't need stables.—Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

ROME, March 14, 1898.

Notes.

As publishers of the *American Journal of Archæology*, the Macmillan Co. solicit subscriptions to the facsimile of the Catullus MS. rediscovered last year in the Vatican library by Prof. Hale, Director of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, as already intimated in these columns. The publication is by the Vatican, under the direction of Signor Danesi, and a certain number of copies have been engaged for America at $4.50, bound in fourteenth-century style.

Dr. Elliott Coues, whose editorial appetite grows with feeding, has undertaken, through Francis P. Harper, a new set of historical works, to be entitled "The American Explorers' Series." Nearly ready is the Journal of Major Jacob Fowler, describing his travels from Fort Smith to the Rocky Mountains and return in 1821-22, printed verbatim from his original MS. Dr. Coues copiously edits and indexes this. Another manuscript to follow is 'Forty Years a Fur-Trader on the Upper Missouri,' the personal narrative of Charles Larpenteur.

'The Making of the Canadian West,' by the Rev. R. G. Macbeth, will be issued on April 15 by William Briggs, Toronto.

The Marion Press, Jamaica, N. Y., announces a small pamphlet in a limited edition, 'The Courting of Dinah Shadd: A Contribution to a Bibliography of the Writings of Rudyard Kipling,' being a reprint of letters from Kipling, Besant, and other authors to the London *Athenæum* in 1891, respecting the ethics of American book piracy in the good old days.

A useful work for children on the dispersion of seeds, 'Seed-Travellers,' by Clarence Moores Weed, is announced by Ginn & Co.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press 'Lost Man's Lane,' a sequel to 'That Affair Next Door,' by Anna Katharine Green.

Harper & Bros. will shortly publish 'Social Pictorial Satire,' by George Du Maurier; 'Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits,' by Harry de Windt; and 'Vanity Fair,' the first volume of the "biographical edition" of Thackeray's complete works.

The first number of the bound volume of *Harper's Weekly* for 1897 is introduced with a cartoon showing how Uncle Sam's horse Business Revival is discomposed in starting by the Jingo brass band—not for the first time. Views of the Philippine Islands and their insurgents follow, and the second number transports us to the insurgents in Cuba. To all appearances, a whole year has been but as a day. But, going deeper into this huge volume, we are reminded of Greece's humiliation, of McKinley's inauguration, of Queen Victoria's Jubilee and the fresh outbreak on the Indian frontier; of the consummation of Greater New York and the return of Tammany to power; of Hawaii, the Klondike craze, and (in an admirable series of views) Russia's fateful advance Eastward along her own Siberian iron highway. Such a twelvemonth has not lacked for sensation or for pageants. Some notable monuments have been dedicated and are here depicted—Grant's tomb, the Shaw memorial in Boston, the Washington statue in Philadelphia, the Peter Cooper in New York, the Gen. Logan in Chicago.

Pictorially, *Harper's Bazar* for the same term makes the impression of a more rigid attention than hitherto to the main objects of this fashions and woman's journal. A few glimpses of royalty—of perennial interest—some of Gibson's London cartoons, a little of the Queen and her Jubilee, a taste of Nansen, the Mississippi floods (for pity's sake), a bit of the Congressional Library—these sum up public interests. Portraits of the ladies of the new and the outgoing Administrations, and of great numbers of officers of women's social, literary, and patriotic organizations, are noticeable for their abundance. As Carl Schurz in *Harper's Weekly*, so Col. Higginson in the *Bazar* continues to be a constant signed contributor.

The Smith tribe fill 168 pages of the fifty-third volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (Macmillan). Two of the more famous of these, Adam Smith and Sydney Smith, fall to the pen of Leslie Stephen, who shows a warm feeling for the witty Canon, and records many noble traits of character which have been obscured by his reputation as a humorist. In his writings on the Established Church, says Mr. Stephen, Smith "assumes that a clergyman is simply a human being in a surplice, and the church a branch of the civil service." Few Americans could

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be found who remember that "his last literary performance was a petition to the United States Congress in 1843 complaining of the State of Pennsylvania, which had suspended the interest on its bond." Mr. Stephen gives also an affectionate sketch of James Spedding, the Baconian scholar, and friend of Tennyson, Carlyle, and FitzGerald. And Spedding, too, has an American aspect, for he accompanied Lord Ashburton to this country in 1842, in connection with the northeast boundary settlement. Captain John Smith, Miles Standish, and Gov. Spotswood of Virginia are the chief Anglo-American worthies commemorated in this volume; but we must not omit to couple with these the name of the founder of the Smithsonian Institution. Arago records of Smithson that he "regularly" divided his day between interesting scientific researches and gaming. He was, in fact, "unable to forego the stimulus of play."

There is not a somnolent line in Mr. Charles F. Lummis's 'The Awakening of a Nation: Mexico of To-day' (Harpers). Thoroughly grounded in Spanish-American history, with Spanish at tongue and pen's end, and with an extensive personal acquaintance with the lands to the south of us, Mr. Lummis has made it his task, in this volume, to show how in Mexico the past score of years has projected a vast new structure against the historic background. His record is a vivid one of municipal adornment and sanitation, of educational and industrial development, of political solidification in a period of unprecedented peace. When one reads of a moral quickening rivalling the material, and is given to understand that the corrupt officials of the recent past have disappeared utterly, one remembers his *Nemo repente*, and remains in a scepticism which may not be healthy, but is inevitable. Certainly if Diaz has been so astonishing a moral regenerator of Mexico, as well as her pacificator, the cry for such a benevolent tyranny as his will become exceeding great and bitter in other lands.

The success of Mrs. Steel's novel, 'On the Face of the Waters,' has caused a demand for more correct knowledge of the facts of the Sepoy Mutiny in India, which formed the background of her exciting romance. The standard history commenced by Sir John Kaye and finished by Colonel Malleson is in six volumes, and goes too much into detail for any but specialists in Anglo-Indian history. More convenient in size, and not so detailed, is 'A History of the Indian Mutiny,' by T. Rice Holmes, of which a fifth edition has just been published by the Macmillan Co. The book was first issued in 1883, and the mere fact that a fifth edition should be demanded fifteen years after its appearance is a clear proof of its merits. There is no need to review at length a volume which has thus justified its existence, but it may be worth while to draw attention to some of the additions that the author has made to it. The text has been carefully revised, and the references at the foot of the pages considerably increased in the light of recent Mutiny literature, notably of Forrest's 'Selections from the Indian State Papers.' More important are the new appendices which Mr. Holmes has added on disputed questions. From nine appendices in the fourth edition, the number has risen to twenty-three, and they now fill seventy-six pages, as against eighteen in the previous edition. The new appendices deal largely with questions raised in recent publications, such as Sir Aukland Colvin's Life of his father, and Sir Owen Burne's 'Life of Strathnairn' in the "Rulers of India Series," Lord Roberts's 'Forty-one Years in India,' and General M'Leod Innes's 'Lucknow and Oudh in the Mutiny' and 'The Sepoy Revolt.' The longest appendix, however, is devoted to the character and career of that celebrated leader of Indian Irregular Cavalry, Hodson of Hodson's Horse. Mr. Holmes has formed a very bad opinion of Hodson, but it seems a pity to rake up old scandals.

The firms of Armand Colin and of Calmann Lévy have been engaged for some time in bringing out a series of selections from "Great French Writers." The entry of some writers into this series is surprising to outsiders. France, for instance, beside Chateaubriand, Loti beside Renan. The last three volumes are devoted to Dumas, Guizot, and France. The only preface worthy of notice is that to the Dumas volume, and mainly because M. Parigot, who writes it, has caught something of the style of his author in writing about him.

A solid and useful book is the 'Chronologie Moliéresque' of Georges Monval, the Moliériste par excellence. It is a full and detailed chronology, year by year and day by day, of all the facts in the life of the great comic dramatist, and also of all events in any way connected with his life and work. It is beautifully printed, and there is an admirable reproduction of Mignard's portrait of Molière by way of frontispiece.

Armand Colin & Cie. have brought out a dictionary useful to foreigners as well as to Frenchmen: Paul Rouaix's 'Dictionnaire-manuel des Idées.' It is simply a French form of Roget's 'Thesaurus,' a kind of work much needed by students of French and now placed within their reach at a moderate cost.

'Alberto Mario: Scrittore e Giornalista, 1848-1861,' is a monograph by Giosuè Carducci, reprinted from the *Nuova Antologia*, which has several claims on the attention of readers interested in the story of modern Italy. Mario was in some degree a typical member of the revolutionary party—intellectual, ardent, high-minded, personally spotless and disinterested. He enjoyed at different times very intimate relations with Mazzini and with Garibaldi, yet his own individuality was strong enough to prevent his being a mere satellite of either. He was not so doctrinaire as not to be able to enlarge his views after the failure of republicanism in 1849 and the coming forward of the Piedmontese monarchy as the leader of the Italian movement. Needless to say, Carducci writes with his well-known fervor, all the more that Mario was one of his friends (Rome: Forzani).

Alfredo Nicefero's 'Criminali e Degenerati dell' Inferno Dantesco' (Turin: Fratelli Bocca) is an attempt to discover anticipations of modern criminological theories in Dante's 'Divina Commedia.' In a lengthy introduction the author discusses "The Psychology of Dante," maintaining the thesis that "genius knows neither time nor space," and that the poet's imagination not only "bodies forth the forms of things unknown," but actually exercises prophet functions and foresees the scientific achievements of future ages. Thus, the atomic theory was held by Kanâda (*kana-ada*, atom-eater), the founder of the Vaiseshika school of philosophy in India, and by Leucippus and Democritus in Greece, and the doctrine of organic evolution by Lucretius and Nemesius. In Dante's 'Inferno,' Nicefero finds examples of criminality and degeneracy foreshadowing and illustrating the teachings of Lombroso: the adulterous pair Paolo and Francesca, the ireful Filippo Argenti, the sacrilegious thief Vanni Fucci, the simoniac Nicolò III., Master Adam the falsifier, and the "fiera compagnia" as diabolical types.

Col. Higginson's "Galatea Collection of Books relating to the History of Woman," his gift to the Boston Public Library, is catalogued in the March *Bulletin* of that institution. It reckons somewhat more than 1,000 volumes, embracing a large number of individual biographies, along with works grouped under such rubrics as "Relations and Comparisons of the Sexes," "Rights of Women," "Work and Influence of Women," etc. These are in many languages and some old. They are intended to serve as a nucleus for future growth.

'The Current Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society' (Worcester, Mass., vol. xi., part 3) contains a descriptive list and text of early American broadsides (1680-1800) in the Society's possession, of greater or less historical value. More noticeable is Mr. Lucien Carr's compendious account of the "Dress and Ornaments of Certain Indians" (namely, east of the Mississippi), with copious citation of authorities and much curious information not strictly in line with the theme, which is nevertheless kept well in hand. We recommend this paper, which has been printed separately, to book-illustrators having to depict the savage of old in connection with the first settlers of this country.

Thanks to Mr. Henry C. Mercer, the Bucks County (Pa.) Historical Society's Museum contains a considerable collection of tools and utensils illustrating "the disused arts and crafts, professions and amusements of colonial times." Among these a lidless paint-box points to a survival of illuminative writing (*Fractur*) among the German settlers of the region in question. The art was taught by schoolmasters, was oftenest in black and white, and applied either to school or religious books and apparatus. The curious will find the story set forth, with interesting plates, by Mr. Mercer, in No. 2 of the above society's "Contributions to American History." The tardy establishment of the English school system in Bucks County, in 1854, marked the beginning of the end of *Fractur*, and broke one more link between Pennsylvania and the Rhine valley.

A correspondent points out that in an article on Rufford Abbey (a fine old Nottinghamshire country seat), by Lord Saville, presumably its present owner, in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for April, it is stated that "George IV., when Prince of Wales, paid a visit to Rufford. During this visit, Charles Dibdin, the poet, who had accompanied his Royal Highness as master of the ceremonies, wrote his celebrated song 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' after having witnessed the felling of an oak in the park." Not only, however, was the song notoriously written by George P. Morris, a native of Philadelphia, but the tree was spared.

The Royal Geographical Society's 'Year-book and Record' contains a brief history of the Society, including an account of its house and library of 31,000 volumes, 100,000 maps, and 100,000 photographs. The list

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of one hundred and more expeditions aided begins with that of Capt. Back's Arctic land expedition in 1832, while the first medal awarded was to Richard Lander, in the same year, for the discovery of the course of the Niger, the last to Nansen. The American medallists whom we have noted were the Rev. Dr. E. Robinson for his 'Biblical Researches in Palestine,' Gen. Frémont for his explorations in the Rocky Mountains and California, and Drs. Kane and Hayes. There are also lists of the 3,929 fellows and the referees, arranged alphabetically and again under the various countries.

The recommendation of the committee of the Norwegian Storthing appointed to revise the Constitution, to grant universal suffrage to all men above twenty-five years of age, does away with property and other qualifications in a manner to extend the franchise far beyond its present limits. Under the Constitution, the age limit is the same. Further stipulations, however, are that the right of suffrage can be enjoyed only by those who have lived in Norway for five years, and who either *(a)* have held public office, or *(b)*, in the country, have been in the use—as proprietors or tenants—of land on which they have paid taxes for more than five years, or *(c)*, in the towns, have the right of citizenship, or (*d*) own realty to the value of at least 600 crowns ($160), or, finally, according to the amendment of 1884, (*e*) have paid the preceding year a direct tax upon an estimated income of at least 500 crowns ($134) in the country, or 800 crowns ($214) in the towns, and have resided a year in the election district.

Zacharias (or Zakris) Topelius, the well-known Finnish writer, whose death occurred on the 13th of March, was born near Ny Karleby, Finland, January 14, 1818, the same year as Strandberg and Jolin. Soon after graduating from the University of Helsingfors, he became the editor of the Helsingfors *Tidningar*, a position which he continued to fill for almost twenty years. In 1854 he was appointed professor of Finnish history at his alma mater. His earliest publications were songs and poems in the style of Runeberg, who was at that time the controlling literary force in Finland. Later he published several dramas which achieved considerable success. It is by his 'Fältskärens Berättelser' ('The Surgeon's Stories'), however, that Topelius is known to English readers. This work consists of a series of six romances, or cycles, dealing with the fortunes of a Finnish family during the 17th and 18th centuries. The series began in 1872, the same year as Freytag's similar work, 'Die Ahnen,' and was completed in 1874. The central historical figures are Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII., whom the author has delineated with an enthusiasm tempered by judgment. Many passages in the cycles treating of these heroes remind one of the prose epic style of Sienkiewicz. Topelius was also very successful as a writer of children's stories.

Mr. William I. Fletcher, the librarian of Amherst College, will open a session of six weeks (July 11 to August 19) at Amherst, in connection with the Sauvéur Summer School (Department of Library Economy). As heretofore, no special requirements for admission are exacted, but a certain degree of education and aptitude is presupposed. Further information may be had of Mr. Fletcher.

—The Hawaiian agitation has added two books to the literature of the Sandwich Islands, one of which has some local historical value. This is the volume popularly known as "Queen Lil's book," the proper title of which is 'Hawaii's Story, by Hawaii's Queen, Liliuokalani' (Boston: Lee & Shepard). It is an illustrated volume of some 400 pages, and gives a good presentation of the Queen's case. The book ends with an appeal to "honest Americans" to hear the plaint of a downtrodden people "whose form of government is as dear to them as yours is precious to you"—a statement on the accuracy of which some portions of the Queen's narrative throw the shadow of a doubt; her account is not of a people tenacious of its political rights. The other book, which presents the case for the Sons of the Missionaries, is by John R. Musick, author of the "Columbian Historical Novels." It is significantly called 'Hawaii—Our New Possessions,' is copiously illustrated, and is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Co. It contains an account of the author's travels and adventures on the islands (this part of the book has some value), with sketches of their scenery, customs and manners, mythology, and history. It also has a good map. Mr. Musick's readers will find no trace here of those curious parallelisms between his style and the styles of writers like Bernardin de St. Pierre and Dickens, which critics think they have detected elsewhere. The book is written in pure American, and is not in the least imitative. It is chiefly remarkable for its peculiar political terminology. A "missionary" in Hawaii does not merely mean a preacher of the word, but corresponds with "reformer" in South Africa, and has for the student of the science of government connections with "filibuster," insurgent, and even rebel. We were not prepared, however, to find the idea carried so far as to make the upholders of the monarchy "agnostics" (pp. 54, 55, 205); but, with the author, agnostic and monarchist are convertible terms. When we meet Col. Norris, described as a "rank royalist," he displays his political sympathies by beating the ground with his stick, and angrily exclaiming, "No missionary shall stay on my ranch." When a Honolulu business man is asked about churches in the city, he bursts out: "Churches be ——." The author tersely says: "One could see at first glance that my informant was an agnostic. He was not in sympathy with the present rulers of the islands."

—The Jesuit Relations (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) are coming thick and fast, with the issue of two volumes together, for the second time. Volume xiii. contains the first section of Le Mercier's Huron budget for 1637. No explanation is offered with regard to the authorship, to account for Brébeuf's silence. He is still, one can see from constant allusions, the animating spirit and right arm of the mission. Le Mercier, however, writes well, and we are indebted to him for various touches which Brébeuf could hardly add about himself. While on the subject of personnel, we must mention the coming to Ihonatiria of Father Isaac Jogues, destined to become the hero of the Jesuits in New York State, the man after whom Lake George should have been named. One characteristic touch is that he was given a fine chance to exercise charity along the route he came. He encumbered himself with the care of a sick child, and had a hard time of it at the portages. He was in good health on his arrival, but soon fell ill of a fever, and was forced to undergo the cast-iron treatment of bleeding—performed, in his case, by the lancet of the Father Superior. A lurid light is cast upon Le Mercier's pages by his long and detailed description of how an Iroquois captive suffered torture at the hands of the Hurons. We have had before in this work mention and even accounts of the hideous practices in which the soul of the aboriginal savage took delight. Now we come upon a picture painted with all the care of the realist in fiction, and, though the incident is perfectly familiar to every one, the harrowing effect which a minute reproduction of it creates lingers in the reader's mind until he has finished the book. Indeed, he is lucky if he gets rid of it then. Le Mercier gains solace from the thought that the Iroquois died, if not the death of a Christian martyr, at least the death of a genuine convert. The fact would seem to be that the poor wretch saw the missionaries' kindness of heart, and felt that they were his only friends amid the flames and knives and yells of those about him. Of considerably more intrinsic importance than this incident is the candid statement which Le Jeune makes of the reasons why the Hurons find difficulty in accepting the Christian faith and joining the Christian church. One of them is as old as the conversion of the German tribes during the period of the Inroads. It will be remembered that a Visigothic warrior stepped back from the font on hearing that in Paradise he would be separated from his own kindred. The Hurons shared the same prejudice in favor of their relatives, one of their excuses being that they should find no acquaintances in heaven, and that the French who were there would give them nothing to eat.

—Rather more than one-third of volume xiv. is occupied with the concluding chapters of Le Mercier's Huron narrative. The remainder contains the first part of Le Jeune's Relation for 1638, dealing with Quebec, Three Rivers, and the missions of the Lower St. Lawrence. Le Mercier has already, in volume xiii., dwelt upon the ravages of the plague among the Hurons, and the subject is continued at some length. Several features are brought out by the influence of pestilence upon the savages—their suspicion that the black gowns have come among them to spread disease; their readiness to profess belief for the sake of getting certain medicines, and, in general, their total lack of means to meet the foe which is playing havoc with their race. During this season the Jesuits were trying to reach the Tobacco Nation through Garnier, and to patch up the differences which had made a breach between the main body of Hurons and the Bear tribe. They were clearly anxious to gather fruit after their trying toil. Brébeuf's desire to get at something tangible is shown by a series of propositions which he laid in this year before one of the principal chiefs. He wished to know, first, whether the people had not made up their minds to believe what had been preached to them and to accept the faith; secondly, whether they would look with favor on marriages between the French and themselves; and, thirdly, whether they would reunite with the people of Ossosané. The answer to the last two of these questions was more favorable than to the first. It leaked out in the

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course of parley that a plot against the lives of the missionaries had been discussed during the previous winter. Altogether, 1637 was a twelvemonth of disillusion, bridging over a space between the earlier period of hope and the serious dangers which were soon to come. Le Jeune's part of the Relation for 1638 is shorter than usual because his life has settled down to routine and he has less that is unusual to tell. His chief cares now are to develop the seminary and to encourage sedentary habits among such tribes as are within reach of his influence. A spot on the river bank, a few miles above Quebec, has become the centre of an Algonquin colony, through the endowment of Noël de Sillery. Chapter vii., "De quelques Sauvages Errants devenus Sedentaires," is the most valuable section of Le Jeune's reports on this subject up to the present point.

—A writer in a recent number of the London *Times* gives some interesting facts about the operations of the post-office in India. In spite of the fact that only about 4 per cent. of the population of India can read and write, the postal system has shown itself, in comparison with that of Great Britain, remarkably progressive. Instead of enlarging the facilities as the demands of the public increased, the postal authorities have from the beginning made great efforts to encourage the use of the post-office. Recognizing, for example, the native love of secrecy, as well as the habit of using small or thin pieces of paper for writing, a uniform halfpenny rate for sealed letters of light weight was early made. The "value-payable post" transmits parcels deliverable only on payment of a sum specified by the sender, this sum when received being forwarded to the latter by post—a system similar to that employed by express companies in this country. The object is to increase the amount of cash trading, and to give persons in remote districts the benefit of prices in the leading business centres. A special arrangement is provided for the payment of the land tax through the post-office, and another for the payment of rents by cultivators "who wish to avoid the delays and petty exactions incident to their attending in person at their landlord's office." In the Punjab, copies of legal documents from the courts may be had through the agency of the post, and the same service is used for paying military pensions. The postal savings banks, more than 90 per cent. of whose depositors are natives, furnished eleven million money orders during the past year. A particularly striking instance of the use of the post-office, wherever possible, in direct dealings between the Government and the people, occurred in 1892. The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, desiring to combat the prevalent malarial fever by offering quinine to the peasantry at cost, had the remedy prepared in single-dose packages, bearing directions for use, which were sold at the post-office in every village at a *pice*, or farthing, each. In the last two years, the writer in question states, nearly six million such packages have been sold in Lower Bengal alone, and the system has been successfully extended to other malarial provinces.

—The latest issue of the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society (Vol. 51, No. 4) contains interesting information with reference to two important ventures in the line of Oriental publications on a grand scale. These are a Lexicon of the Egyptian Language, and a Mohammedan Encyclopædia. Both projects received the approval and commendation of the International Congress of Orientalists at their Paris convention last summer. With regard to the former work, the German Emperor, by a decree of May 10, 1897, furnished the funds for its publication. An appeal for coöperation appears in the *Zeitschrift*, signed by the editorial committee, Ebers, Erman, Pietschmann, and Steinkopf, appointees of the Royal Academies of Sciences in Berlin, Göttingen, Leipzig, and Munich, to whom conjointly the task of preparing this lexicon has been intrusted. The appeal states that the lexicon is to contain the entire *copia verborum* found in hieroglyphic or hieratic writing, while the demotic and Coptic texts are to be used only as secondary helps. The materials are to be collected after the manner pursued in the preparation of the 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ,' which means the gathering of all pertinent passages under a particular word, the sifting to be done by the editorial committee. This body proposes to have the work ready in eleven years, and asks for the voluntary assistance of scholars and learned societies in furnishing materials, especially from unpublished sources. The report on the status of the Mohammedan Encyclopædia is furnished by Prof. Socin of Leipzig. In this case, the enterprise is not in such a forward state, yet a hopeful beginning has been made. The publication has been provisionally undertaken by the firm of E. J. Brill of Leyden, and a young Arabist, Dr. Paul Herzsohn, has published a specimen pamphlet of the proposed work, entitled "Erste Sammlung von Stichwörtern für eine Encyclopädie des Islam," in which certain words taken from the departments of geography, history, mythology, etc, are treated for examination and criticism by scholars. The report is published chiefly for the purpose of enlisting further interest and co-operation, especially on the financial side.

—The four hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Girolamo Savonarola will fall upon the 23d of May, 1898. The city of Florence proposes to celebrate this event in a becoming manner, and has appointed a number of committees to make the arrangements. The committee on speakers had requested the poet Carducci to deliver the leading address, but he declined, assigning, among other reasons, the following: "For me, Savonarola is the iconoclast, who aimed to destroy the arts and the literature of the Renaissance. His historical and political importance consisted in this, that he tried to establish a democracy of monks, and to transform Florence into a cloister. I have thought a year over the matter, and have not been able to find any reason for changing my opinion. I cannot, therefore, deliver a memorial address on this man to the citizens of his own city. Viewing Savonarola as a man, it is my opinion that the Roman Catholics—and here I have in mind those who are such conscientiously, honestly, and earnestly—are the only persons who have a call to become the interpreters and protagonists of his ideas and life." In Florence a clerical committee was organized to arrange for a celebration of the anniversary in the interests of the Church. The committee was careful enough to ask for the views of the Vatican on the subject, and received the reply that the authorities there looked upon the project with "benevolent neutrality." As the Protestants of Italy are also getting ready to celebrate, there will be three distinct memorial festivities in honor of Savonarola in Florence in May.

SIDGWICK'S PRACTICAL ETHICS.

Practical Ethics: A Collection of Addresses and Essays. By Henry Sidgwick. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1898.

Prof. Sidgwick's 'Practical Ethics' did not probably cost him a tenth of the labor expended on his 'Methods of Ethics' or his 'Elements of Politics'; but this series of addresses and essays, making up not more than 260 small pages, gives to ordinary readers a better idea of its author's rare genius than do his longer and more elaborate writings. His book is marked throughout by two qualities rarely to be found in ethical disquisitions—veracity and reality. Perfect veracity or truthfulness is indeed the characteristic not only of these essays, but of every line which Prof. Sidgwick has ever written; and veracity includes, if the matter be carefully examined, far more than the mere desire to speak the truth, or than the capacity for seeing what is true. Truthfulness, in this its narrower sense, is, one may hope, aimed at, though it is certainly not always attained by every man who seriously discusses the moral problems presented by human life. But perfect veracity implies, in addition to the desire to see and express what is true, the open-eyed fairness which makes a man determined to see the truth all round, and to give weight, not only to the arguments in favor of his beliefs, but also to the reasons by which doctrines opposed to his own—opinions, that is to say, which, on the whole, he believes not to be true—may be supported.

This truthfulness, which, with Mr. Sidgwick, rises into perfect equity, is constantly lacking in eminent and earnest moralists. Bentham, for example, never even tried to do full justice to the foes of utilitarianism. They were, in his mind, knaves or fools, and the only justice they deserved was to be placed intellectually in the pillory for the scorn and derision of honest men. Maurice, with all his subtlety of intellect and saintliness of character, and with all his ardent desire to be fair and equitable, never was just to teachers who opposed his profoundest convictions. He never understood the strength of the utilitarian position; he met the arguments or fallacies of a dialectician such as Mansel with moral denunciation instead of logical confutation. Maurice was too much of a prophet to be an impartial controversialist. If ever there was a writer who wished and tried to deal fairly with the questions to which he devoted his attention, it was J. S. Mill; yet even those, of whom we may hope there are still many living, who owe a debt of gratitude to Mill both for the intellectual and for the moral aid which they derived from him in their youth, must admit that among his gifts is not to be found the capacity for really entering into doctrines with which he did not sympathize. In plain truth, both Mill and his readers are the dupes of his inimitable style. His language is always lucid, calm, temperate, logical, and judicial, and it is difficult to believe that the unimpassioned manner of the judgment-seat conceals the bias of fervent enthusiasm, and at times of vehement partisanship. Yet that this is so will become appa-

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rent to any reader who considers, with a coolness which was almost unattainable by the generation to whom Mill appealed, the most striking of Mill's writings—his treatise 'On Liberty.' Of the merit of the book this is not the occasion to speak. The point which for our present purpose is important is, that Mill did not weigh the force of the arguments which might be opposed to his teaching. Sir James Stephen's 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity' is not a real confutation of Mill's 'Liberty,' but it assuredly does establish that logic was in Mill's hands often a form of rhetoric, and that his celebrated treatise was a most impressive apology for freedom, but was not a logical demonstration of the principle that "the sole end for which mankind are warranted individually or collectively in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection." This doctrine may possibly be true, but Mill did not state or weigh anything like all the arguments by which its validity may be impugned.

T. H. Green, again, was as incapable of untruth as Maurice or Mill, but he was likewise as incapable of judicial impartiality or indifference. He held, and advocated with the firmest faith, his own ethical creed. He fought dissentients with all the force of logical dogmatism. He was by nature a controversialist, not a critic: it was his aim to confute error; it was not his aim to appreciate with candor the strength of the reasoning by which doctrines that he deemed erroneous might be supported. It is a great thing to say of Prof. Sidgwick that where men of the eminence and honesty of Bentham, Maurice, Mill, and Green have failed, he has succeeded. Yet no one who impartially examines his 'Practical Ethics' can doubt that Mr. Sidgwick has attained to a kind of judicial sincerity not possessed by any of the writers whose names we have referred to for the sake of illustration.

Take, for example, the essays on Religious Conformity and on Clerical Veracity, which both, indeed, deal with the same subject. The problem of which they treat is how far a man may rightly belong, either as a lay member or a clergyman, to a church maintaining doctrines many of which are in his judgment untrue. No question demands for its treatment a more difficult display of fairness. It is, further, a question on which Mr. Sidgwick obviously feels strongly. His natural bias, as any one can see, is towards the strictest view of an individual's obligations. If on such a matter a thinker were at liberty to follow the impulse of his own feelings, or obey what many moralists would call his intuitions, our author would, we may be sure, lay down the simple doctrine that no honest man ought to belong to a religious society when he has ceased to believe in the truth of doctrines which, if words are taken in their most natural sense, clearly form part of that society's creed. Let us further add, to prevent even momentary misconception, that the object of the essays on conformity is in fact to enforce the obvious but constantly forgotten principle that, in matters of religious belief as in all other concerns, men ought to cultivate plain honesty, and ought not, from motives however good, to avow their belief in doctrines which they do not hold to be true, or in the reality of events which they believe never to have happened. But though Mr. Sidgwick's feelings are all in favor of the practice of bare and simple truthfulness, he enters with thoroughness into the position of persons who continue members of a church whereof they can hardly be said to share the creed, and shows the fullest appreciation of the circumstances which may sometimes make it possible to repeat without dishonesty formulas with which, if taken in their original and most obvious sense, the speaker does not agree.

Thus, as to the lay members of a church, he shows that in many cases their continuing to belong to a body into which they were born, but with the main doctrines of which they do not agree, deceives no one, and therefore does not partake of dishonesty, and he brings forward an argument in favor of continued membership which is not often used, but assuredly tells for a great deal with good men. "One moral advantage" he instances "of membership of a church for ordinary men—which remains even when the authoritative creed of the church no longer seriously affects their belief as to the moral order of the world—namely, that it constrains them, gently but effectively, to a regular and solemn profession of a morality higher than their ordinary practice." Then, again, while holding up to the clergy a standard of veracity which to some clergymen seems unduly severe, or, as one critic expresses it, "almost what might have been expected from a Kantian rigorist," Mr. Sidgwick is careful to point out that expressions used in creeds or formulas often do, as a matter of fact, actually change their meaning, and that such expressions may therefore with perfect honesty be repeated by the clergy and others in a sense which they did not originally bear. A change has, he writes, "taken place in the common understanding of the phrase 'descended into Hell,' which has lost the idea of *downward* movement, and even perhaps of spacial movement altogether, and come to mean simply 'passed to the abode of departed spirits,'" whence follows the result that a clergyman may repeat this statement of the creed without pledging himself to a belief as to the locality of this abode which is inconsistent with the physical science of modern times.

This idea of the real and insensible change in the meaning of words in connection with its bearing on religious honesty has great subtlety and originality, but the reason for dwelling on it here is that it illustrates the candor with which Mr. Sidgwick considers every plea which can be urged in favor of doctrines or courses of action to which he is himself opposed. Any clergyman who thinks that our author is too much of a rigorist, should, after reading the treatise on clerical veracity, ask himself calmly whether he can produce a single plausible argument, against our author's conclusions, to which Mr. Sidgwick has not given due consideration. We firmly believe that any fair critic will be compelled to answer this question with a negative. Prof. Sidgwick has the exhaustiveness and truthfulness of Butler.

A writer, however, may be in the highest degree truthful and candid without possessing the capacity for dealing with the real, and, so to speak, tangible problems presented by the lives of ordinary men. He may lack what for want of a better term we may recall the sense of reality; and, to speak with perfect truth, we may say that it is on this side that Professor Sidgwick's moral speculations are, in our judgment, occasionally open to criticism. He is such a devotee of reason that he does not always realize how small a part reason and reasoning play in the lives of ordinary men. We should not be surprised to find that many readers closed the 'Methods of Ethics' with the feeling, however expressed, "It may be reason, but it is not man"; and we are certain that few, indeed, are the men who are seriously troubled by the dread which Mr. Sidgwick apparently entertains, of dwelling in an intellectual and moral chaos—which seems to mean pursuing the course that all of us have to pursue, of following moral principles which we cannot fit in to any quite satisfactory logical system. But if our author, in his more elaborate works, thinks too much of reason and rather underestimates the importance of the non-rational element in human nature, it must at once be admitted that, in these essays on practical morality, there is little or no trace of this failing. Mr. Sidgwick shows in them a firm grasp of the matters which actually concern living men and women. His treatment thereof, even when he is considering problems of rather a speculative character, has the vital merit of reality.

Thus, the essays on conformity raise a question which touches the conduct of thousands in every civilized community. We may be certain that, of the millions throughout England and the United States, who wish to lead and in fact do lead a life higher than that of mere worldlings, there are thousands who are troubled by not being able to satisfy themselves as to their right relation towards the religious communities of which they hardly share the creeds, but to which they are firmly attached by habit, by association, by sympathy, and by the need for the common expression of moral and religious feeling. We may be equally certain that, among the clergy of all denominations, there are hundreds who are tormented by the conflicting convictions that, on the one hand, the work of ministers is the work for which they are fitted, and that, on the other hand, they can hardly, with a quiet conscience, repeat day by day formulas which to them either are meaningless, or mean something quite different from the signification attached to such prayers and formulas by an ordinary congregation. Now laymen and ministers alike who are tormented by what are called the difficulties of belief (though better described as difficulties of conduct in relation to belief), will find in Mr. Sidgwick's 'Practical Ethics' much of the aid which they require. Whatever other complaint they can make, they can never say that their teacher is not dealing with the real problem in hand. At lowest, he brings questions to a decided issue. If his two essays on conformity were only worked up into a small book of the size, say, of Mill's 'On Liberty,' which would allow the subject under discussion to be amply illustrated, we are convinced that Mr. Sidgwick's teaching might produce throughout the English-speaking world as considerable an effect as did Mill's treatise.

But of these essays on conformity enough has here been said; and whoever wishes merely as a critic to appreciate what we have called the reality of the 'Practical Ethics,' would do well to turn to a very curious and striking essay entitled "Unreasonable Action." Professor Sidgwick in this article raises and attempts to answer two inquiries which are very closely interconnected. Is it

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the case that a man often acts unreasonably, in the sense that he pursues a course of conduct which he himself knows will not conduce to his own benefit or happiness? The second is, If we assume the first to be answered in the affirmative, what is the explanation of this practical paradox?

We are quite aware some critical reader will say that such inquiries are very far indeed removed from the sphere of actual life; that they harass no man of common sense, and can occupy the attention only of inveterate casuists. Now we undertake to say that whoever reads with intelligence the twenty-five pages which Mr. Sidgwick has devoted to the examination of unreasonable action, will conclude that the topic, as treated by our author, has as much practical as speculative interest. The paradox that a man acts against his own view of his interest does really exist, and its existence makes it necessary considerably to modify the mode in which theories of morality, and especially (though not only) the utilitarian theory, must be stated. The student will further see that the recognition of unreasonable action does much more than qualify many received ethical formulas; it suggests a whole set of considerations as to the conduct of life, in so far as unreasonable action depends on a man's yielding to logical fallacies. In so far as unreasonable action arises, as we suspect in the main it does, not from a man's being deceived by fallacies, but from the tendency to shrink at all costs from immediate pain, the peril has to be encountered by strengthening the habit of obedience to reason. But the various questions connected with unreasonable action are far too complicated for even cursory consideration at the end of an article. Our aim is here to insist upon one fact only, namely, that Mr. Sidgwick, in the last of his essays, which looks like the most speculative of them all, deals with no question of abstract and unreal casuistry, but with an inquiry which, as he shows, tells upon the daily conduct of every man who desires to pursue the higher aims of human existence.

Life and Progress in Australasia. By Michael Davitt, M.P. London: Methuen & Co. 1898. Pp. xx, 470. Maps.

One of the most grinding and mentally severe systems of penal servitude is that of Great Britain. If among those who for long years had been subjected to it there had appeared many men who, like Mr. Davitt, had broadened and deepened in character after its application to them, it would be difficult to argue in favor of change. We cannot follow him in many of his single-tax and labor theories; but even where we least understand or most differ, we are glad to recognize his candor and fairness. He would probably modify many of his ideas were he charged with the necessity of applying them in practice. These are the impressions with which we close this interesting volume—the best handbook that has yet appeared on the condition and prospects of the seven self-governing colonies of Australasia.

It is based on personal observation and inquiry during an extended tour in 1895-1896. Personal narrative is kept well within bounds; were it less so, it might commend the book to a wider circle of readers. Ways and means of life, statistics, constitutions, methods of government, scenery, prison discipline, the fate of aboriginal people, thrilling reminiscences of prison life, escapes such as those of John Boyle O'Reilly, are judiciously blended. Not to be taken up for mere amusement, the book is more entertaining than most written with a like grave intent. "Labor" settlements are fully described, and "labor" questions fully treated, as established, or as they find themselves in essentially democratic communities unfettered by written constitutions, and under circumstances of sparsity of population, plethora of land, and favorable climatic conditions that do not exist in older-settled countries. Human nature appears the same everywhere, and we find nothing in Mr. Davitt's experiences to lead us to expect that legislation can ever do much to divert the channels of life and method which that nature has graven out for itself. Writing of one of the Murray settlements, Mr. Davitt says:

"There was no 'boss' or master. Nobody walked off with the major portion of the value of a worker's daily efforts. The 'unearned increment' of the little community remained with those to whose sweat and toil and requirements it owed its creation. . . . Land and water were as free as air. . . . Surely no conditions of industrial life could be much more favorable to labor?"

Yet two pages further we find the admission:

"This camp has decreased in membership since the period of my visit. The latest report issued by the Surveyor-General of Lands gives the present population as 186. It was originally 300."

Again, concerning another settlement:

"Here was labor left to its own laws, unfettered by any landlord or capitalistic right, rule, or authority. All the right and all the law and all the land here belonged to the workers."

Yet at an election which Mr. Davitt attended, a

"speaker spoke as if the retiring committee had been a board of capitalistic autocrats, deserving of impeachment for not having made the pumping-station complete in half the time, and the grain to grow and the fruit trees to ripen before the seasons had time to perform their share of the work of the harvest."

Of Moorook camp we read:

"The character of their work, the dry and healthful climate, the pleasant outlook over the river and the forest, together with the feeling that what they were doing daily in their labor was for themselves and their families, and not for the stevedores or shippers of Port Adelaide, rendered the new life in the bush an experience as happy in its moral results as it was hopeful of future material prosperity for these ex-dock laborers."

Yet Mr. Davitt, with his usual candor, is compelled to add a note:

"This camp has since ceased to be an association, and is now worked by some of the settlers on a lease of the land from the State."

The view of these communities expressed by a neighboring independent settler will be shared in by many of Mr. Davitt's readers:

"'Am I a commonist? Not much. I works for myself, and them there bush lawyers up at Pyap will all be for themselves in a short time. It's all very well to talk and read about this commonism, but it's another thing when you come to work it out with pick and shovel or fishing-boat. I'm no believer in these new-fangled idees, I'm not. I'm a Cornishman, I am. I have enough to do to work for my missus and myself. No, sir, I'm no commonist. Good-by.'"

In various parts of the book Mr. Davitt refers to the disastrous outcome of the great Australian maritime strike of 1890, not as warning against the folly of the irremediable disasters then brought to the trade of Melbourne and other ports, but as pointing the necessity of "Labor" seeking to attain the ends it then aimed at by political means. A "Labor" party appears to have been established in most of the colonies. The "Conciliation and Arbitration Act" of New Zealand is the most practical outcome of their efforts. It is much to be doubted whether the trade organizations of the more settled countries would be in any degree satisfied with many of the awards cited. Its future working will, however, be watched with interest. One of the many advantages the world is likely to derive from the practice of home rule in the Australian States, so vast in extent, so meagre in population, is that many political and social experiments, entailing evils (where failure may result) upon but small communities are likely to be tried out.

Upon all humanitarian questions Mr. Davitt is clear and true. We have seldom read more scathing denunciations of the base treatment of aboriginal peoples by white settlers. Rising from the perusal of this volume, it would be difficult to hymn praises in glory of empire. We must rejoice at the spread of civilization and well-ordered peace and comfort over such wide areas, once giving sustenance but to animals and wandering nomads in the lowest stages of barbarism; it is impossible to justify or glory in the initial stages of the change. Mr. Davitt carefully investigated the condition of the unhappy imported South Sea Island laborers in Queensland, and emphatically pronounces against the system. Australasian prison systems, generally humane, are fully treated. Each scene visited appears more lovely than the other, each country township more charming. One portion of our author's route he travelled with Mark Twain, and details some amusing conversations. His estimate of many of the places he visited is little below that of Mark Twain's of Dunedin, New Zealand, "as a place which was visited by some people from Scotland who were on their way to heaven, and who, believing they had reached their destination, remained." Readers who have borne the hot winds, sand storms, and insect plagues of Australia and the semi-tropical climate of northern New Zealand, will know how to qualify some of the writer's enthusiasms. Mr. Davitt does not unfairly obtrude his religious opinions; yet it is interesting to note the degree in which a sincere Catholic associates the spread of conventual institutions and hierarchical government with the spread of civilization and enlightenment. Surely never was there greater irony of circumstances than that the means by which it was hoped to eradicate Catholicism in Ireland has led to its spread and establishment in every portion of the English-speaking world. An index would have added to the value of the book.

King Ponthus and the Fair Sidone: A Prose Romance translated from the French about the year 1450, now first edited from the unique MS. Digby 185 of the Bodleian Library. By Frank Jewett Mather, jr. Bal-

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timore: The Modern Language Association of America.

By universal consent the 14th and 15th centuries are adjudged the most sterile in the history of French literature. The creative impulses and the imaginative traditions of the Middle Ages had then run out, and the new interests of the Renaissance had not yet distinctly asserted themselves. The literary historians are wont to mention a few stock names—Froissart and Eustache Deschamps from the 14th century; Commines, Charles d'Orléans, and Villon from the 15th. But the critical treatment of the period has come to be almost conventional in its character, and it is probable that there are not a dozen persons living who have a detailed first-hand acquaintance with the literary documents of the time. Current sources of information as to what was taking place in French letters during those long years are consequently almost entirely lacking. And yet now and then we stumble upon some literary phenomenon that makes us ask if, after all, this neglect has been wise. It is almost as dangerous to draw an indictment against a whole period as against a whole people.

Such a phenomenon, for example, is a group of romances (or, better, romantic novels) composed in the main in the last half of the 14th and the first half of the 15th century, which are noteworthy both because of certain distinct literary qualities they have, and because of their large diffusion in other European literatures in the form of translations. One of these tales is that known as 'Mélusine,' composed in its most widely current prose form at the very close of the 14th century, as a glorification of the family of Lusignan. Another is the delightful story of 'Pierre de Provence et la belle Maguelonne,' written towards 1459. A third is the tale of 'Pontus et Sidoine,' of about the same date as 'Pierre de Provence,' and similar to 'Mélusine' in that it was composed in honor of a great family, that of La Tour Landry in Anjou. In spite of their general neglect by the historians of French literature, we cannot but think that these romances deserve the careful attention of students.

For, to begin with, the manner of them is distinctly removed from that of the great romantic compilations of the 13th and 14th centuries, in which the already bewildering mass of adventurous and marvellous incident of the Arthurian and other romantic compositions of the 12th century was diluted to a veritable sea of fantastic inventions. The 14th century 'Perceforest,' for example, which served as a stop-gap between the Arthurian romances of the Middle Ages and the 'Amadis de Gaula' and its congeners in the Renaissance, is indeed, in its vagueness and indecision, its diffuseness and formlessness, the acme of literary fatuity. The author has neither a story nor actors for a story; no living fact appears in his pages. The outworn mediæval stuff simply goes echoing on until the reader sinks into a very drowse of attention. There is some excuse, therefore, for those who, judging all French narration of the period by examples like this, reject it as meaningless and valueless. It is too hasty a judgment, however, for the tales we have mentioned. In them we have essays in a new direction, an effort to use the imaginative stuff of mediæval romance in such wise as to make it verisimilar. Romantic adventure and even the marvellous find ample employment, and yet the dramatis personæ are vascular, to use Emerson's expression—if you stick a pin into them, they will bleed. The realism of the mediæval *fabliaux*, which was in the main due to the unromantic and often actually vulgar material employed in them, here strives to associate with itself the delights of the imagination.

Now, this fusion of the real and the romantic happens to be the quality which more than any other has given permanent success to literary narrations, from the 'Odyssey' to the works of the present day. In earlier modern literature, particularly in the great creative period of the Renaissance, we find this quality mainly in tales that had passed through Italian hands. But it is not uninteresting and not without significance that in France, before the influence of the Italian *novella* had been perceptibly felt there, an attempt should have been made to reach the same goal. To be sure, we are obliged to confess that the result was indecisive in many ways, that the experiment was not clearly and purposefully carried out. And yet it remains true that the tales which illustrate the experiment are both gracious and persuasive.

Another source of interest in these tales is their wide diffusion in translations or versions. As the biography of them is gradually brought into shape, we find that they were known from one end of Europe to the other. Indeed, it is hard to understand how stories so universally familiar should have dropped so entirely out of sight within so brief a space of time. Is such to be the fate of our Stevensons and Maupassants? To go into the details of this widespread diffusion would take us far afield, and we must refrain. It is enough for our present purpose to note that in England no less than on the Continent these stories were gladly received.

It is one of the two English translations of the 'Pontus et Sidoine' that Mr. Mather has printed in the present volume. The other, a version not completely independent of this, as Mr. Mather has judiciously shown, was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1511. As, however, only a single copy of this quarto, that in the Bodleian Library, is known to exist, Mr. Mather has the credit of being the first to make the story in its English form accessible to the modern reader. It was a task, as we have endeavored to indicate, well worth doing, and Mr. Mather seems to have accomplished it in a highly creditable fashion. His text, based upon the unique Digby MS. in the Bodleian, has been judiciously handled in the light of the French tale and of Wynkyn de Worde's English version. The introduction clearly sets forth the obligations of the original story to the Anglo-Norman tale of 'Horn et Rimel,' and discusses the known versions of it. Of interest here is Dr. W. H. Schofield's contribution of an account of the little-known Icelandic 'Pontus-Rímus,' of which we have as yet no edition. In short, Mr. Mather's book bears the marks of sound and industrious scholarship. There is but one serious criticism which we are disposed to make upon it, though we are far from certain that Mr. Mather deserves the blame. The proof-reading of the introduction, particularly in quotations from the French, is really very bad indeed, which is the more to be regretted since it throws a degree of suspicion upon the accuracy of the text as well. We doubt if the suspicion is justified, but we cannot honestly say that we do not feel something of it ourselves.

Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development. By James Mark Baldwin. Macmillan. 1897. 8vo, pp. 574.

Prof. Baldwin here puts forth a sequel to his remarkable work on 'Mental Development in the Child and the Race,' which our readers will remember contained a most valuable body of observations upon two children. The aim of the present volume is "to inquire to what extent the principles of the development of the individual mind apply also to the evolution of society." But no insignificant part of the former volume was devoted to this same subject; so that the contents of the present work were largely anticipated in their outlines in the former publication. About five-sixths of this new book is occupied with the development of the individual consciousness, and is substantially a restatement of the author's previous results, without any gain in clearness.

The general position of the author, that the individual mind is produced by intercourse with other persons, while on the other hand society is the composite of the individuals, so that the two factors are inseparably conjugate, is certainly far from being novel, and no doubt Hegelians will see in it a new instance of the permeation of their master's doctrine. In point of fact, there are in these pages many indications of the great interest that Prof. Royce has felt in the labors of Prof. Baldwin. But what is entirely fresh is the discussion of that proposition upon the basis of rich stores of scientific observations.

In the previous volume the author showed how his observations had led him to admit three distinct stages in a child's knowledge of personality, those of persons as "projects, subject, and ejects." The first of these is the most difficult to understand, and it is itself subdivided into three imperfectly distinguished stages. The baby first distinguishes persons from inanimate things, according to Prof. Baldwin, by their moving about; and by the character of these movements it distinguishes one person from another. This is the state of consciousness during the first half-year of its life. But gradually it becomes impressed by the irregularities of some of the movables. The pendulum goes tick-tack with perfect uniformity, while the father sometimes notices the child and sometimes does not. Thus, persons become known as movables that are eccentric. In this irregularity Prof. Baldwin thinks that the child recognizes Agency; and after the second half-year and up to the age of two years, it is learning to recognize a special uniformity, or characteristic, in the peculiarities of each movable eccentric. This is a recognition of Personal Character. So far, persons are known merely as "projects." But now the child is beginning to act, and in acting it recognizes its own person as similar to the agents that are already familiar to it. It thus attains the second stage of knowledge of personality, that which connects its own feelings with the idea of agency previously acquired, bringing it to a sense of its own subjectivity, and a knowledge of Self, as subject. Finally, it hypothetizes for each of the other agents a corresponding subjectivity, and thus converts them into ejects.

Such is Prof. Baldwin's theory of the development of self-consciousness. As the ti-

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tle implies, the present book is largely an interpretation of phenomena connected with personal and social growth in the light of that theory. Great weight must certainly be attached not only to the describable observations of Prof. Baldwin, but also to those subtler intuitions which can only express themselves as his convictions that such and such are the thoughts and feelings of the child. But the above theory contains more than such observations, as we will venture to show. In the first place, it does not appear from the observations that, during the first half-year, the baby pays any attention at all to things that do not move. If it does not, then motion cannot serve to separate persons from things, but only to individualize the differently moving objects. In the second place, Prof. Baldwin may be quite correct in his insight into the infant's mind, so far as to perceive that the irregularity of persons is perplexing its mind, and also that some idea allied to that of Agency is present to it. Yet whether or not it is the former idea which suggests the latter, is not a question of observation but of inference.

There are several different ideas, mostly of an intellectual character, which might be denoted by the word Agency, but none of them have any logical connection with irregularity, which is mostly associated with the absence of any definite Agency. Now, although it is certainly conceivable that one idea should suggest another with which it has no logical connection, yet the hypothesis that any particular such illogical suggestion has taken place must remain quite gratuitous, unless a mass of facts can be adduced to support such an irrational connection. There is a great gulf between the idea of an eccentric, surprising thing and that of agency in any sense. We cannot help suspecting that, notwithstanding the close observation of Prof. Baldwin, the child has made innumerable *efforts* before the age of two, which the author assigns as the commencement of the subject-knowledge. If these efforts have escaped his keen eye, it is because they were so futile. Not only does the sense of effort necessarily involve a sense of resistance so as to objectify itself immediately as an I and a not-I, however rudimentary these conceptions may be; a sense of failure, which is sure to accompany the first efforts, must magnify the effort and the resistance, and thus stimulate the subjective tendency. It is very doubtful whether there is any earlier idea of agency than that which must thus come from futile effort. If not, Prof. Baldwin's "projects" are merely ideas of queer, eccentric, startling movables—the only distinct objects of the baby's world—and are in no proper sense ideas of personality. If we remove from the author's philosophy of society all that is said about "projects," it may lose a good deal of its freshness, but it will become more widely acceptable.

Prof. Baldwin has a great deal to say of the influence of the child's own actions, particularly in his games, in shaping for him clear conceptions; and he rightly regards this truth as highly important. He adds that these very actions are for the most part imitations of the conduct of his elders, and thus the child's understanding becomes formed after the pattern of the grown-up people about him. All this he terms social heredity. Whether or not this begs a question will be a point sure to be discussed. The individual, says Prof. Baldwin, is the product of society, while on the other hand to all which he "inherits" from his family he imparts his own personal signature. Invention invariably accompanies imitation, although in very variable proportions.

Prof. Baldwin thinks that the "project" is recognized as the master of the "subject," and the "subject" in its turn of the "eject," and that the disposition of children to domineer over weaker children is a case under that rule. There are, he declares, two sorts of social influences, that which produces social organization and that which appears in particularizing and synthetizing actions of individuals. All individual variations are particularizations of earlier generalizations. The author is thus working his way toward the conception of a public self, and the further he proceeds the more he seems to be influenced by Hegel or Hegelians.

The matter of social organization consists, he says, of imaginations, knowledges, informations—a statement which, in its desire to minimize the individuality of things, betrays already the incipient sway of Hegelian tendencies. He uses the term "self-thought-situation" for the social situation implicated in the thought of self, where a dialectic process productive of the thought of self is plainly recognized. After that we are not surprised to be told that "every socially available thought implies a public self-thought-situation which is strictly analogous in its rise and progress to the self-thought-situation of the individual member of society." The author differs from Hegel only concerning a matter of detail, namely, in recognizing imitation as the bridge from the private thought to the public thought, which enables the self-thought-situation to become public. He considers that all that has been written by the School of Moral Sentiments concerning sympathy as imagining one's self to be in another's situation, is so much in favor of his own doctrine of the importance of the imitative process in the development of public consciousness.

The application of this to ethics, as developed in the chapter devoted to Rules of Conduct, is sufficiently smooth sailing. To those who think that in Morals, at any rate, conservatism is the safest course, and who are sceptical about the desirability of carrying any system of philosophy into practical applications until there can be a little more agreement among philosophers as to what is proved and what is not, the present volume, however interesting and important, will be deemed inferior to its predecessor in almost every respect. That it richly deserves the gold medal of the Danish Academy with which it has been crowned, there can be no doubt.

A Short History of the Royal Navy—1217 to 1688. By David Hannay. London: Methuen & Co. 1898.

This is the first volume of a history of the British Navy, which, commencing about 1217, is to finish with the end of the Napoleonic wars in a second volume. Much of the period covered by the volume just published has been somewhat obscure; but as of late years new matter has been published by the Navy Record Society, as well as derived from other sources, an opportunity for fresh treatment has been afforded to the author which he has not neglected. For one disposed to investigate more exhaustively the subjects treated, the author affords facility by giving at the head of each chapter the authorities drawn upon.

Although this history of the British Navy covers the same ground as the small one by Mr. Hamilton Williams, entitled 'Britain's Naval Power,' it is more exhaustive and detailed, and from its critical treatment appeals to an older and more professional class of readers. Still, notwithstanding its consecutive narrative, it maintains a popular character, wisely illustrating the various conditions and times by interesting incidents as well as by general descriptions and narrations.

It was in the years 1213 and 1217, from which this book dates, that began, properly speaking, the history of the British Navy. Previous to the earlier date, the royal ships had been used as transports and carriers between portions of the same dominion. With the loss of the Continental portion of this dominion during the reign of King John came another state of affairs. The French coast became that of an enemy, and for many a year afterwards the source of a possible invasion and attack. The two attempted invasions of 1213 and 1217 gave to the royal navy a different task, which it met successfully, not by waiting for the enemy's approach in its own waters, but by proceeding to sea and there meeting him. The success of the offensive-defensive expedition of the later date under Herbert de Burgh shows once and for all how Great Britain should meet such attempts at invasion or attack. As a rule, the lesson has been learned, and Englishmen rely upon their navy as the first line of defence, and the protection has never failed them, when the navy has been loyal and efficient, during a period covering nearly seven hundred years. While it is true that the great maritime Powers of the early and middle ages that preceded Great Britain were on the mainland, still the insular position that relieved her from invasions and the necessity of large standing armies has always counted much for her growth and stability as a sea Power. To this can be added her position towards the Atlantic Ocean. With the evolution of the sea-going ship and its growth in size and sea-keeping power, this ocean disappears as a barrier, and becomes the road which led and still leads to wealth and empire the world over.

The story of the mediæval navy of Great Britain is one of struggles against pirates and the neighboring French and Spanish. The nature of the seas and the weather about the British isles gave no scope for the galleys of the Mediterranean, and the ships developed into crafts of stouter build and greater radii of action. The fights of this period were affairs of no great moment, except those known as the battle of Huys and that of "les Espagnols sur mer." These two partook of the nature of regular engagements, and were not without elements of the picturesque. The seamen of those days were much given to acts of license and brutality, which became almost monotonous in repetition. To Henry VIII. much credit is due for his measures for improving the royal navy, both as to its material and as to its personnel, though it seems strange to us at this day, used to the British seamen and shipwrights as the first of their craft, to read that Italians were brought to England to serve both as seamen and as shipbuilders. Henry did not, however, propose to be dependent upon out-

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siders, for during his reign he established the Portsmouth dock-yard and founded the Trinity House of to-day "for the reformation of the navy, lately much decayed by admission of young men without experience and of Scots, Flemings, and Frenchmen as loadsmen." Loadsmen were presumably leadsmen, and skilled seamen from whom masters and pilots were selected.

The Spanish Armada is treated in a spirited manner by the author, who has evidently benefited by the recent publications of the Navy Record Society. His descriptions of the two commanders of the Spanish and English fleets make one wonder at the choice. Of the Duke of Medina Sidonia he says: "He was a youngish man, small, of a swarthy complexion, and somewhat bandy-legged, who, according to his own candid and somewhat pitiful confession to the King, knew nothing of war, by land or sea, was always seasick when he went in a vessel, and never failed to catch cold." Lord Effingham, the English commander, though not an ideal leader, was of better stuff. He had no experience in war, either, and does not appear to have been a man of ability; but, though not a seaman, he was a man who did have character and the happy faculty of being guided by his more competent subordinates without losing his authority and position. Fortunate was it for England that the elements, above all, were in her favor.

The voyages of the great Elizabethan navigators and the stubborn sea-fights of the three great Dutch wars are treated by the author with sufficient fulness and vivacity. His criticisms and deductions, though made by a civilian, are not without professional value and interest. Neither can fault be found with his impartiality in treating of the Dutch wars. To an outsider—shall one use the word foreigner?—this is shown in a reference to a not unfamiliar English characteristic. Speaking of the feeling resulting from De Ruyter's cruise of retaliation in the track of Sir Robert Holmes, he says: "This counter stroke provoked a furious outcry of anger in England, for it is perhaps more the custom of the English than any other nation to be seized with unaffected moral indignation when another does unto them the disagreeable thing which they have just been doing to some one else."

Marching with Gomez: A War Correspondent's Field Note-Book, kept during Four Months with the Cuban Army. By Grover Flint. Illustrated by the Author. With an Historical Introduction by John Fiske. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. 1898.

It is just two years since Mr. Flint joined the Cuban insurgents, but he could have chosen no time when the account of his adventures with them would have found a more interested audience. He gives us not only the most novel and entertaining relation of the insurrection yet written, but, so far as it goes, the most authentic. Mr. Flint was peculiarly fitted for his task. He had lived for two years in Spain and spoke the language. He had served for two years more in the United States cavalry, and, as to matters of drill and discipline, was a competent military critic. In addition, he writes with naturalness and (though the story is in the first person) with an entire suppression of self. His numerous illustrations have a similar sincerity, that makes them much more interesting than the many vague "kodaks" that find their way from the field.

The value of the book lies in the fact that the author understood what he saw, and does not profess to describe much else. He uses hearsay sparingly, giving the sources of his information and the grounds of his belief in its authenticity. For instance, he saw nothing of the *reconcentrados* of the western cities, having landed at Cardenas and worked eastward to Nuevitas. A note by way of appendix is, therefore, all he has to say on that feature of the Cuban question in which we are now most interested, and which a less exact writer might have been tempted to embroider on. Spanish atrocities upon the *pacificos* of the country, he speaks of without exaggeration, recounting in some detail a few he had knowledge of, and the general reports prevalent concerning similar ones. For the greater part, the book is about the life of a Cuban column on the march, in camp, and in battle, and about the insurgent military and civil organizations. Mr. Flint was, first, with a small force under Andarje; then with Lacret, who made him a brevet major; and lastly with Gomez himself. Of the civil leaders, he saw Cisneros, then President; Masó, his successor; Hernandez, and others. He followed Gomez into two small battles, and was under fire at other times.

His conclusions are that the Spanish officers invariably act on the defensive, and even then with poor judgment; instancing a three days' fight where an inferior force of insurgents occupied rising ground about a Spanish camp and forced the Spaniards to retreat without any effort to take the offensive, though they had artillery and the weight of numbers. To this policy, which the insurgents well understand, he attributes the absence of Spanish military success, as continuous attacks by light irregulars on columns in close formation (as in the fights at Concord and Bennington) ultimately tell against superior force. For the plan of campaign, Mr. Flint gives all the credit to Gomez, of whom he presents an attractive picture—a fearless, high-tempered old man, fierce of speech, a rigid disciplinarian, and a despiser of the pretentious, holding "the old-fashioned theory of the moral responsibility of journalism," and distrusting Americans, in the sincerity of whose sympathy he disbelieved. Throughout the eastern country Mr. Flint found the insurgent civil Government collecting taxes, maintaining schools, printing a newspaper and small books, and manufacturing a certain amount of war material. Both it and the military Government suppressed crime ruthlessly. He bears testimony to the peaceable character of the peasant population, and, without moralizing on it, to the destructiveness of the war.

Prof. Fiske's historical sketch of Cuba is slight, but exceedingly suggestive, like everything he writes. The book is well arranged, except that it lacks an index; and calls for little criticism, except from the proof-reader.

The Tenth Island: An Account of Newfoundland. By Beckley Willson. London: Grant Richards. 1897.

This little book gives but a very partial account of the Newfoundland past, and sketches with undue partisan ardor certain phases of its recent history. And its descriptions of the island's physical possibilities and resources are vague in the extreme. It also merely glances at the old futile colonization schemes by romantic adventurers like Lord Baltimore, who have left no other mementos than such poetic names as Avalon. It tells nothing of that strange rough-and-ready government over the fishing fleet and the few settlers exercised by those transitory and arbitrary administrators, the admirals; and though it enlarges on the French interpretation of France's treaty rights, it makes slight mention of the French occupation of and retirement from a large part of the island.

This curious story has been told in a ponderous sort of way and with much detail by Judge Prouse in his 'History of Newfoundland,' and by Hutton and Harvey in their 'Newfoundland'; but it still remains to be narrated by some historian of imagination as well as industry, for it is the most romantic of the many experiments in commerce and colonization made by the nations of Europe after the revival of maritime enterprise inaugurated by Prince Henry of Portugal, and so furiously stimulated by the discovery of America. Such a history will have to deal with the days of those hardy adventurers of the Elizabethan age who laid the foundations of the present British empire. It will also afford instructive illustrations of such a selfish trade policy as was the old colonial policy of Great Britain, especially when controlled by a single section; for England's treatment of Newfoundland was virtually controlled by the Devonshire fishing interests. It will also emphasize the lesson which statesmen find it so difficult to learn, that, as the world advances apace, their decisions must be regulated, not only by immediate exigencies, but by remote eventualities. The failure on the part of British diplomats adequately to foresee the future is the cause of the present burning question in Newfoundland, namely, the vague fishing-rights of the French over about one-half the island's shores. In the last century, when the treaties of Utrecht and Versailles were made, it would have betokened superhuman foresight on the part of these framers to anticipate the conditions prevailing to-day, and more than official command of language to avoid the ambiguity in phraseology which to-day gives the French a certain ground of justification for the position they take. The deduction to be drawn, therefore, is, inasmuch as you cannot see the ultimate scope of the concessions which may be made, make them as few and as slight as possible. Take all you can, even though not of apparent or immediate value, and give as little as may be. Certainly the embarrassments which have grown out of the apparently harmless fishing-rights conceded to the French nearly two centuries ago confirm those selfish principles, which are those on which the European Powers, great and small, seem to be acting in Africa, and on which this country has not unwisely shaped her conduct on more occasions than one.

The vehemence with which our author echoes the popular indignation of the Newfoundlanders at Britain's supine indifference to their grievances is comprehensible, though unreasonable. England's relations with France are too intricate and delicate to allow of their being strained for the sake of a very small portion of the very small population of Newfoundland. It is one of the disadvantages of an extended empire that,

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to secure the welfare of the whole, the interests of a part must sometimes be, if not sacrificed, at least neglected. As it is, though Newfoundland has enjoyed self-government for over half a century, her population has grown to only 200,000, and though the revenue from seal fishing has more than compensated for any injury inflicted by the later interpretations of the French treaty rights, her annual exports amount to only $10,000,000. She suffers from a too great adherence to a single industry. Fish have been accounted by the world at large as the only product of the island and its coast, and the Newfoundlanders themselves have come to accept the world's estimate of its limited capabilities as correct. Fish and fishing still occupy the energies of the people and of the mercantile class, to the exclusion of all other interests.

But the island seems to be at last throwing off this illusion. A railroad now traverses it. The interior is no longer an unknown and forbidding wilderness, but is found to conceal varied resources. Very considerable mineral wealth is being exploited as a supplement to the fisheries, and agricultural activity will follow, for the island, though protected by a formidable rocky sea-wall, is by no means barren. Standing as a bulwark, protecting as it were the commerce of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes against the angry Atlantic, this great island is sure to play in peace and war no inconspicuous part. Her strategic position makes her invaluable to Great Britain, and her situation as a half-way house between the head of lake navigation and Europe will confer on her advantages not appreciated or even dreamed of to-day.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Cyrus, and Ramsay, Allan. Told in the Coffee-House. Turkish Tales. Macmillan. 75c.
Baedeker, Karl. Spain and Portugal. Leipzig: Karl Baedeker; New York: Scribners. $4.80.
Coates, Florence Earle. Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Dickens, Charles. David Copperfield. 2 vols. Dombey & Son. 2 vols. Tale of Two Cities. [Gadshill Edition.] Scribners.
Egerton, George. Fantasias. John Lane. $1.
Fletcher, J. S. The Making of Matthias. John Lane. $1.50.
Gerhard, W. P. Sanitary Engineering. New York: The Author.
Harrisse, Henry. The Diplomatic History of America. Its First Chapter. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.
Illingworth, J. R. Divine Immanence. Macmillan. $1.50.
Jayne, Dr. Horace. Mammalian Anatomy: A Preparation for Human and Comparative Anatomy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Levasseur, E. L'Ouvrier Américain. 2 vols. Paris: L. Larose.
Mallock, W. H. Aristocracy and Evolution. Macmillan. $3.
Martin, Rev. Chalmers. Apostolic and Modern Missions. F. H. Revell Co. $1.
Maxims of Goethe. Translated by W. B. Rönnfeldt. London: Walter Scott; New York: A. Lovell & Co. 40c.
McMillan, D. C. The Elective Franchise in the United States. Putnams. $1.
Morgan, H. J. The Canadian Men and Women of the Time: A Hand-book of Canadian Biography. Toronto: William Briggs. $3.
Morris, Prof. E. P. The Captives and Trinummus of Plautus. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.35.
Mudge, Rev. James. The Best of Browning. Eaton & Mains. $1.50.
Murray, D. C. This Little World. Appletons. $1.
Naegely, Henry. J. F. Millet and Rustic Art. London: Elliot Stock.
Newbolt, Henry. Admirals All, and Other Verses. John Lane. 35c.
Pallen, Condé B. New Rubáiyát. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50c.
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